

THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

BOOK has been issued from the Swarthmore Press with the title of *A Conflict of Opinion* (6s. 6d.). It contains, as the title-page tells us, 'A Discussion on the Failure of the Church.' There have been many discussions on 'the Failure of the Church.' Even the Bishops have been choosing 'the Failure of the Church' as the subject of their Pastoral Charges. But this is different from all the rest. The author is Mr. ARTHUR PONSONBY, formerly Member of Parliament for the Stirling Burghs.

It is a discussion between a Parson and a Doctor. The Parson is a well-informed, conscientious, progressive Churchman. The Doctor is greatly respected: 'I know all about your work; how you have devoted your life to it, not with a view to riches and fame which lay easily within your grasp, but simply out of the most exalted desire for service—a service I know you have often rendered while refusing any remuneration whatever for it.' And he is religious. But he does not go to church.

Why does he not go to church? The Parson tells upon him. 'I have called to see you because, though we have exchanged formal visits, I have not been three months in the parish, and I notice you do not attend the services in our church.' It is not a hopeful beginning. But the discussion is renewed next day. It goes on for a week. At

the end a concession is made by the Doctor. 'Good-bye. . . . Look here. I shall slip in by the South porch into that back pew just for the sermon.'

There are many objections to attendance at 'the services in our church.' But most of them are frivolous and easily overcome. Three remain. They are all theological. The Doctor does not believe in miracle, atonement, or original sin.

MR. PONSONBY'S Doctor is the average educated layman. That is the educated layman's attitude, at least if he has had a scientific education. He accepts Matthew Arnold's dictum: 'Miracles do not occur.' They never did occur. The order of nature has always been what it is now. Miracles cannot occur. But why should he reject the Atonement? There are laymen, like the late Professor Silvanus Thompson, who detest the very thought of an atonement. It is their sense of justice, they say, that makes them detest it. No man has any business to ask another man to take his punishment. If he is a man he will take it himself. MR. PONSONBY'S Doctor rejects miracle and atonement for the same reasons as other laymen reject them. He dislikes the doctrine of original sin for a reason of his own.

'THE DOCTOR: The doctrine that we are born

in sin is the keynote of dogmatic Christianity because it gives us the reason of the purpose and design of God, and for His intervention through Jesus Christ for our salvation. My entire repudiation of that idea necessarily prevents me from having any belief in the circumstances which arose, according to the teaching of the Church, out of it. Now I am inclined to think—no, I will be more positive here—I firmly believe that in man, as he is constituted, there exists a spiritual element. That is to say, after taking into account all the component parts of our nature which can be scientifically capable of reduction to physical elements, everything would not be accounted for; there would still remain some unknown quantity. As to whether this is consciousness vitality or individuality cannot be determined, as to whether it can be detached from the physical and have existence apart from it we cannot say.'

'THE PARSON: The soul in fact.'

'THE DOCTOR: Perhaps it may be simpler to call it that. But our definitions would not coincide. I believe this essence to be nothing short of the spirit of perfection, which is in us when we are born, making us the very opposite of children of wrath, and which, when we die, is untainted, unpolluted, as absolutely perfect as ever.'

'THE PARSON: You mean to say the soul is not contaminated by sin. Do you mean to imply that the soul is not injured by a gross and sinful life?'

'THE DOCTOR: That is precisely my point, and that is where we shall find another important difference between us. Let me take an extreme instance, in order to illustrate what I mean. I saw in the newspaper the other day the case of a woman of twenty-seven, who had been sentenced forty-two times for theft, assault, drunkenness, and attempted suicide. I will not enlarge upon the social and economic conditions or on our prison and reformatory systems which make that sort of thing possible. I only want to point out that

when that unfortunate woman dies the soul that may still be in her will be as perfect as when she was born.'

It is the successful preacher who is invited to deliver lectures on preaching. The unsuccessful should once in a way have an invitation. He knows things which are hidden from the wise and prudent. He is something which it never entered the heart of the successful preacher to conceive.

But meantime we must be content with the successful preacher. The Rev. J. R. GILLIES, D.D., is one of the most successful. He was invited by the Authorities of the Assembly's College, Belfast, to lecture on the Christian Ministry. He has now published the lectures as they were delivered. The title is *The Ministry of Reconciliation* (A. & C. Black; 5s. net).

The whole course of lectures was divided into three parts. These parts the lecturer himself calls 'Mainly Historical,' 'Wholly Practical,' and 'Mainly Doctrinal.' What is left? Nothing is left except detail. The whole field of a minister's life and work is carefully mapped out and explored. It is the hand of a master in Israel. Experience, the experience of a long, varied, and always successful pastorate, spreads itself out before us. We see how God's work in a parish has been done, is being done, and may again be done, and we are moved to thankful following. And then, quite unexpectedly, we find that this successful preacher has a keen appreciation of failure.

It is the failure of our Lord. We dislike the word failure as applied to Christ. We resent its assumption. We deny its application. Yet there is a sense in which it may be used legitimately. It is when the success is in the failure, as it so often is, and as it was supremely—even of the eternal purpose of God—in Christ Jesus.

It is the failure of the Cross. It is the failure of the desire to come down from the Cross. It is

the failure of the agonizing effort to escape the cross altogether. But most of all, and most momentous of all, it is the failure to retain the Father's fellowship while He hung upon the cross.

He did not retain it. Or was it only that He thought He did not retain it? Says Dr. GILLIES: 'Remember how I sat late one night in earnest converse with a friend. We were both preachers; for theme the Gospel, with atonement as its heart, and these great words as the crux of all. My friend, so far as I understood him, held by what is called the Moral Theory of the atonement. Without doubt, Jesus was for him Saviour and Son of God. With a fine passion, the more admirable because of the restraint with which it was expressed, he spoke of the inspiration, the new ideal, the use of power which had come to him through Jesus Christ. I knew well how true it was—made good by years of hard and fruitful work in a poor parish in London. But he confessed that he had no explanation of these words save this: that, as earth-born mists obscure the light even of the sun, the best and brightest of us is liable to fits of depression, so Jesus at that hour,—I hesitate to say it, but I think this was what he meant,—Jesus sacrificed Himself forsaken.'

'I could not then,' says Dr. GILLIES, 'accept that view; I cannot now. I make no claim to omniscience for Jesus. I have no sympathy with those who catch at His *obiter dicta* and exploit them as if they were meant to foreclose the way to scientific or critical research. But that at the centre of His moral being, at the very point on which depends the salvation of the world, He was the victim of a pathetic delusion, I did not and cannot believe. I feel certain that His experience as here recorded was not only subjectively genuine, but based on objective fact.'

Now, a man may 'feel certain' about a matter without being able to give reasons for his feeling. Dr. GILLIES gives reasons. He finds them in the study of the development of Jesus as the God-

man. That development was in two directions. It was expansive and it was intensive.

First it was expansive. 'As a child, He wakened up to consciousness in an earthly home. The sanctities of domestic life opened out into the wider life of the nation. That again, like a garment that is outgrown, rends and leaves Him face to face with the broadly human. "I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness." There speaks One whose consciousness transcends the limits of space and time imposed on us, and identifies Him with the race.'

That is the expansive development. But at the same time Jesus developed intensively. 'Very early within the Temple, later in baptism and in many still hours of communion with the unseen, He fathoms the depths of His own mysterious personality. His life's breath, to quote the prophet's words, is in the fear of the Lord. "Every fibre of His being winds itself about God with an ineffable, sickening, fainting desire."'

'Along these two lines He moves *pari passu*; loving the world ever more as He loves the Father more, and in the holy love of the One seeing the infinite possibilities of the other; yet conscious of the growing distance between them. And now, as He hangs upon the cross, He sees, on the one side, a world hating goodness and, on the other, God hating sin, and knows Himself the mean term between these two, loving both. The mean term in this case is no arithmetical symbol but a human soul, strained to the breaking-point, yet patient, resolute, and in the end triumphant, in a love that cleaves with equal intensity and by the same necessity of nature to the world and God.'

Familiarity does not always breed contempt. Sometimes it breeds indifference. No one can repeat the Lord's Prayer and despise it. Many a one repeats it and remains indifferent to it.

And if there is one petition more disregarded than another it is the first: 'Hallowed be thy name.'

The word with which it opens is unfortunate. It is an accurate translation of the Greek, but it is not English. Constantly as we use it in repeating the Prayer, we have never been able to make a place for it in the English tongue. Every teacher has to explain it to the pupil, every commentator has to explain it to the teacher.

But more unfortunate is the word with which it ends: 'Hallowed be thy name.' What name? What answer does the teacher make? No answer. For the teacher has gone to the commentator, and the commentator has no answer to give.

If you turn to the latest and the best of the commentators you will find that they have no answer to give. What name? They do not seem ever to have heard the question. One says, 'Name represents God'; one, 'the name of God is "whatsoever there is whereby he makes himself known"' (quoting from the *Westminster Catechism*); and one does not mention the word at all.

But we ask, What name? For there is no doubt whatever that to the Jews, and that is to every person to whom the Prayer was given, God had a name. They might count it too sacred for accurate pronunciation. But they pronounced it somehow. And when they heard Jesus say, 'Hallowed be thy name,' they could only understand that the name of God was hallowed when God was hallowed by name.

Was the name *Jehovah*, then? One commentator says so. It is Dr. Joseph Addison Alexander of Princeton. He is somewhat old now, but he is worth beginning with. '*Name*,' says Dr. Alexander, 'is not to be diluted or explained away, as meaning everything by which God is made known to his creatures, but to be primarily taken in its proper sense of title, appellation, with particular

allusion to the name *Jehovah*, by which he was distinguished from all false gods and described not only as a self-existent and eternal being (which that name denotes), but also as the God who was in covenant with Israel, the God of revelation and the God of grace, or in New Testament language, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

But we have not held to the name *Jehovah*. It is not that we have wavered about the spelling. The Jews were the cause of that. It is that we have passed away from the conception. And Christ Himself was the cause of that. *Jehovah* is the name of the national God of Israel; and Dr. Marcus Dods is right when he says: 'We cannot imagine Jesus as meaning merely that the national God of Israel may be duly honoured within the bounds of His own people.'

What name, then? Why not the name of 'Father'? 'Our Father which art in heaven. Hallowed be thy name'—the two words seem to come very closely together. Luke brings them even closer: 'Father, Hallowed be thy name.' And yet few are the commentators who suggest that the name is Father. For Father never was a name for God.

But if the disciples were not to think of that name, the name *Jehovah*, with which they were familiar, if the name of God to be hallowed is to be a Christian name, is it possible that the name the Christian is to hallow is the name of Jesus Himself? We think at once of St. Paul's great passage in the Epistle to the Philippians: 'Wherefore also God highly exalted him, and gave unto him the name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow.'

Now it is significant that in commenting on this passage scarcely a commentator is content to say that the name is the nature or the attributes of Jesus. They see there that a name is necessary. But they are not content with 'Jesus.' Nor are they content with 'Jesus Christ.' Remembering

at the word 'Lord' is used in the New Testament as the equivalent of the name 'Jehovah' in the Old, they understand the name in which every knee is to bow to be the name of *Lord*. And it is at least possible that that same name of Lord, applied to Jesus and standing as the equivalent of the Old Testament Jehovah, is the name, for the following of which He taught His disciples to pray.

Is it not satisfactory? Then another suggestion has been made. But there is a tale to tell about that.

'There was rejoicing on the estate of one of the landowners of Polish Russia in the early thirties, for the son of the home had just returned from a far-away university. He was welcomed warmly, and father and son drove together the next morning to the village church to attend Mass and return thanks. During the service the reading of the Paternoster struck the youth as it had never done before. The rest of the hour was as good as lost to him—no, not lost, for in that moment he began to live.'

It was August CIESZKOWSKI (pronounced Cheshkoffski). The son of a Polish Count, he had been sent as a student to Berlin, where he arrived just after the voice of the mighty Hegel had ceased to sound in the halls of learning. 'The Hegelian philosophy of history, with its famous syllogism of thesis, antithesis, and synthesis, was virtual master of men's thinking. But the young Slav's nature revolted at many of its conclusions. As a devout Catholic he found it heathen, since it did not give the central place in history to Jesus Christ, and thus failed rightly to understand what the synthesis, the third age of the world, involved. As a Pole he refused to accept the "Delivered Germany" of the post-Napoleonic era, as the expression of this synthesis at all.'

In 1838 he took his doctor's degree in Heidelberg. He published some volumes. But fifty

years later he told his son that all he had written was 'one and only one—OUR FATHER.' His great work was on the Lord's Prayer. 'His plan compassed a work in nine volumes: of which one should deal with each of the petitions, one with the invocation, and one provide a general introduction on the subject of Providence in history.' When he died in 1894, at the age of eighty, only four of these volumes were completed.

In 1917 the present Count CIESZKOWSKI heard that an Oxford scholar, caught by the war in Silesia, was studying his father's work. He made the journey across Poland to see him. He encouraged Mr. William John ROSE, M.A., to prepare an English edition of 'Our Father.' It is published by the Student Christian Movement under the title of *The Desire of all Nations* (10s. 6d. net).

The volume, we gather, contains most of the Introduction on the subject of Providence in History, and a selection from the writings on the Prayer itself. The Introduction demands our attention first.

The history of the world is divided into three eras. The first era extended to the Incarnation; the second has extended to the present day; the third era begins now and will continue into the unforeseen future. The first era was the era of the first Adam, that is to say, it was a period of the human family in a state of nature. In the second era it was revealed to man that he is born of God and that he is his neighbour's brother. In the third era we shall realize that which has been only an ideal in the second, and shall pass to a higher conception of life.

This is not all new. Long ago F. W. Robertson familiarized us with the idea of three eras, though he made the second end with the Ascension. It is also a little indefinite. But let us proceed.

We need not delay over the first era. Its life was external. Men were members of a society or

a state, and under the direction of an external law. In the second, the Christian era, the law was internal, the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus, and the man was a man, with an individuality of his own and a relationship of personal moral obligation to God and his neighbour. It was all well in ideal—it was far from well in fact. So far was mankind from attaining to the ideal of love to God and love to man, and so much suffering came from the failure, that the idea was welcomed of another world than this, a world in which not only would wrong be righted, but every one would be able to fulfil his ideal of love.

Thus it came to pass that while the pre-Christian era was worldly, the Christian era was other-worldly. The third era will be worldly again. Its interests will be here and now. It will be able to realize its ideals so fully that there will be no felt need for another world of retribution and redress. More than that, God will be omnipresent, a fully recognized presence everywhere, and the recognition of His presence everywhere will make all men brothers. In His light they will see light.

Two things will be the sign that the third age of the world has begun. One is universal peace. The desire for universal peace has come. 'Every-one has "seen peace that it is good, and the land that it is pleasant," as Jacob said. Mankind as a whole not only desires peace, but also a lasting peace, established on an eternal, Divine basis, and not dependent on the gold-bars of the rulers' treasuries. Where voices have until now been raised proclaiming a mere possibility, to-day we have come to the belief in the Necessity of Peace!'

The other is universal action. 'Providence is showing man to-day that it rests with himself to do away with this gulf existing between what is and what ought to be; that resignation is not the last word of the spirit, but that in man Himself there lurks a further and higher power, meant to save him, and competent to bridge anew that lamentable abyss. This power, this faculty of

faculties, is the Will—the summit of the spirit. The Will unites feeling with knowledge, and wedded being to thought. From this union Action is born—the Lord of the Third World.'

These are the signs. What is the Power? Now we come to the Lord's Prayer and its first petition. When Count CIESZKOWSKI repeated the Paternoster that day in the church at home he saw that it was not a prayer for the time then passing, but for the time to come. He saw that at best it was only an ideal for the Christian era; its fulfilment could not be until the third era of the world had begun. For a power is needed to fulfil it. That power is the Holy Spirit.

Now the Holy Spirit was not given until Christ was glorified. And when was Christ glorified? Not at the end of the forty days. Not at the Ascension, when He sat down at the right hand of the majesty on high. For still He maintained His presence in the world. It was a presence in spirit, no doubt, but He could appear to Saul of Tarsus. It was a presence everywhere throughout the world where two or three were gathered in His name. And all the while men prayed the prayer, 'Hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.' They prayed in faith but without fulfilment. Then when the fullness of time had once more come, the Holy Spirit came in power that the Prayer might be fulfilled.

And this is the name that is to be hallowed. For there is nothing higher than spirit. 'God in Spirit' is the highest revelation that has been made of Him. But Spirit has to be differentiated. There are different planes of spirits. What sort of spirit is God? The answer is that He is a spirit that has to be hallowed. He is a *Holy Spirit*. Whatever the disciples of Jesus understood this is what He meant them to understand when He taught them to pray, 'Hallowed be thy name.' And this is what we are to understand. Hallowed be thy name, thy new name of Holy Spirit.

George Gillanders Findlay.

BY THE REVEREND WILFRID J. MOULTON, M.A., B.D., PRINCIPAL OF DIDSBURY COLLEGE,
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THE news of Dr. Findlay's death brought a grievous sense of loss to a multitude of his old students and friends. At the editor's desire this sketch was planned whilst Dr. Findlay was still with us. One's thought was then that it was hard to write anything to which his sensitive modesty would not object when he read it. Now the difficulty is to find words to express one's debt of obligation to a colleague and a teacher so much honoured and so much loved.

George Gillanders Findlay was born in 1849, the son of the Rev. James Findlay. He was educated at Woodhouse Grove School, then a school for the sons of Wesleyan ministers only, at Wesley College, Sheffield, and at Richmond College. At the age of 19 he won the scholarship in Classics at the B.A. Examination at the University of London. Then he turned aside to Biblical work, seeking no further academic distinctions, until St. Andrews honoured him with the degree of D.D. in 1901.

From the time of his entering the Wesleyan ministry in 1870 his whole life was devoted to the teaching of the theological students of his Church. For the first four years of his ministry he served as an Assistant Tutor at Headingley and Richmond Colleges. In 1874 he was appointed Classical Tutor at Richmond. In 1881 he was appointed Professor in Biblical Languages and Exegesis at Headingley College, Leeds, and there he remained until his death on November 2, 1919.

Life at a Wesleyan Methodist College in those earlier days was specially strenuous. The Biblical Tutor was responsible for the teaching of both Old and New Testaments, whilst in addition, with a junior colleague to assist him, he gave such instruction in philosophy and classics as time and strength permitted. For many years Dr. Findlay taught regularly for eighteen hours a week, through three terms that lasted for eight months, whilst at the same time he gave much private help to men who were reading for special examinations. The Methodist tradition ranks previous service in the Church as the chief qualification for admission to its Colleges. Hence the tutor sees seated before

him men whose University has been the factory and the workshop, and whose schooldays are far behind them, side by side with graduates from Oxford and Cambridge. To provide an adequate curriculum for so varied a group is a herculean task, yet Dr. Findlay fulfilled it alone till 1904, when the present writer relieved him of the Old Testament work. Out of this crowded life, with its scanty intervals of leisure, came the work by which his name is known to the world outside. The marvel is that he accomplished so much.

From his work in the class-room came first a series of works on the life and teaching of St. Paul. They include the volumes on *Galatians* and *Ephesians* in the 'Expositor's Bible'; on *Colossians* in the 'Pulpit Commentary'; the Epistles of Paul the Apostle in the 'Books for Bible Students'; the Thessalonian Epistles in the *C.B. and C.G.T.*; the article on 'Paul' in *Hastings' D.B.*; 1 Corinthians in the *Expositor's Greek Testament*; and Romans in *Peake's Commentary on the Bible*. In addition there is the priceless exposition of the Epistles of St. John published under the title *Fellowship in the Life Eternal*. On the Old Testament there are three volumes on *The Books of the Prophets* in the 'Books for Bible Students.' Then there is the Fernley Lecture of 1894 on *Christian Doctrine and Morals*; one or two volumes of sermons and addresses; and a multitude of magazine and smaller dictionary articles. This mass of work reveals a tireless devotion to sacred study which neither bodily weakness nor the pressure of the details of teaching could ever subdue.

The first impression that the student gained in Dr. Findlay's class-room was that of the need of accuracy and exactness. In the study of the Greek Testament in particular exposition was based upon the strictest and most minute grammatical analysis of the text. Winer and Meyer, Ellicott and Lightfoot, were the masters to whom he turned. His preface to his edition of Thessalonians in the *C.G.T.* is illuminating. After speaking of 'the precious Notes on the Epistles of St. Paul of Lightfoot,' and of the 'able and

judicious work of Bornemann in Meyer's *Kommentar*,' he continues: 'At the same time one reverts with increasing satisfaction to the old interpreters; frequent quotations are here made from the Latin translators—Erasmus, Calvin, Beza, Estius, Bengel, beside the ancient Versions—who in many instances are able to render the Greek with a brevity and nicety attainable in no other tongue.' As he always followed 'the golden rule of quotation'—never to quote from a book till he had read it from cover to cover—this gives a revealing glimpse of the depth of his scholarship.

Yet at the same time he was far removed from slavery to the letter. He agreed with Simcox that 'the Greek of the New Testament was a real language that had a grammar, not a jargon in which any construction, any case or tense, any particle or preposition might be used instead of any other.' But he agreed with him further that 'textual criticism and grammar must be servants not masters to exegesis,' and so after the exact significance of words and tense and order had been sought out he went on to trace the real thought of his author, never satisfied till this shone out in its own light.

The same characteristics appeared in his private conversation. One would suggest to him some novel interpretation. He would listen with grave and courteous attention, ask one or two searching questions, and then change the subject. Days afterwards he would say, 'I have been thinking of the point you suggested.' Then he would give an answer revealing a consideration so deep and comprehensive that one was ashamed to have troubled him at all. In this, as in other respects, amongst the scholars of our day, he seems to have resembled most closely Dr. F. J. A. Hort.

An illustration of both these points may be found in his treatment of the South Galatian question. One well remembers the joy with which he greeted Sir. W. M. Ramsay's lectures on *The Church in the Roman Empire*, and commended them to all his students. He spoke of the way in which they threw open study windows and let in the fresh air of the busy Græco-Roman world. Yet whilst some wrote as though the position of the Galatian Churches had been determined once for all, his mind was unconvinced. For long it seemed to him that Greek usage made Ramsay's rendering of 'the Phrygo-Galatian region' untenable. A footnote to his article on 'Paul' in *D.B.*

iii. p. 707, shows that he modified this view on later reflexion. But what weighed most powerfully with him was the conviction that the Galatian Epistle comes from the same period in the apostle's life and thought as the letters to Corinth and Rome. And in his latest published work, in his introduction to Romans in Dr. Peake's *Commentary*, he gives his final judgment. 'In the view of the present writer, Galatians and Romans, though differing in temper, were the offspring of one birth in Paul's mind and closely consecutive in time of origin. Romans is the calm after the storm; it gives a comprehensive, measured development to the principles argued in Galatians with polemic vehemence.' One cannot yet say that this question is decided. But to many of Dr. Findlay's students this last convinced and measured statement of their master's judgment weighs heavily against any other view.

As a further illustration of his power we may turn to his masterly exposition of Paul's argument as to the place of the Law in the divine discipline of mankind. 'This part of the Epistle' (Galatians), he writes, 'is in fact a piece of inspired *historical criticism*; it is a magnificent reconstruction of the course of sacred history. It is Paul's theory of doctrinal development, condensing into a few pregnant sentences the *rationale* of Judaism, explaining the method of God's dealings with mankind from Abraham down to Christ, and fitting the legal system into its place in this order with an exactness and consistency that supply an effectual verification of the hypothesis. . . . This passage finds its counterpart in Romans xi. Here the past, there the future fortunes of Israel are set forth. Together the two chapters form a Jewish theodicy, a vindication of God's treatment of the chosen people from first to last. Romans v. 12-21 and 1 Cor. xv. 20-57 supply a wider exposition, on the same principles, of the fortunes of mankind at large. The human mind has conceived nothing more splendid and yet sober, more humbling and exalting, than the view of man's history and destiny thus sketched out' (*Galatians*, pp. 197-198). The spaciousness and the grasp of such writing give its author an honoured place amongst the great expositors of all generations.

The volumes on *The Books of the Prophets* contain a continuous historical Introduction to the prophetic writings up to and including Jeremiah. They are written in the spirit of progressive con-

servatism, maintaining fully the right of modern knowledge to deal with the sacred text. 'It is now more generally understood that the old criticism (higher and lower) of rabbis and scribes, and of pre-scientific editors and commentators, from which many of the views inculcated in the childhood of the older of us were derived, is bound to be amended under the new light which God has given to our times. The light is bewildering, and the process of readjustment is disquieting for the present. But let us possess our souls in patience; "the firm foundation of God standeth."' Throughout these volumes the same thoroughness and mastery of authorities is manifested as in the New Testament work. Thus in the chapters on Jeremiah the works of Giesebrecht, Duhm, and Cornill, as well as the leading English commentators, are fully digested and reviewed. The chapter on the discipline of Jeremiah, sympathetic and penetrating, shows Dr. Findlay at his best. We may quote one pregnant passage: 'In Jeremiah the tragic mystery of God's dealings with the individual man stands over against the mystery of His dealings with nations in the larger play of human life. . . . Besieged by every sort of hostility, assailed by contradiction, ridicule, injury, with the whole force of religious authority and popular feeling enlisted against him—though his heart quaked all the while—Jeremiah stood faithfully alone for God and truth, as a lighthouse on its solitary rock breasting the storms of more than forty of the darkest years that God's kingdom on earth has known' (vol. iii. p. 184).

In the main, as these books show, Dr. Findlay adhered to the general critical reconstruction of Old Testament history, though, as often manifested in private conversation, he was not satisfied with the late dating of much of the Priestly Code, believing that more of it was pre-exilic than was commonly allowed.

In the closing years of his life Dr. Findlay accepted a commission from the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society to write its Centenary History. Foreign Missions had always been one of the ruling enthusiasms of his life. His family was notable for devotion to this cause. His younger brother, Rev. W. H. Findlay, whose death is just announced, after a distinguished career as a missionary in India, became one of the moving spirits in the World Missionary Conference in Edinburgh in 1910, and afterwards did much to

spread the spirit of the Conference through the Churches of Great Britain. One of Dr. Findlay's sons and two of his daughters have served in India, whilst he himself as a young man offered for foreign service only to be rejected on grounds of health. Whilst some of his friends regretted the loss to Biblical scholarship of the fruits of his ripened knowledge, it was felt that no more fitting choice could have been made. The task was an enormous one involving the reading of many thousands of letters and journals, and remained incomplete at his death. With the help of his gifted daughter, Miss M. G. Findlay, M.Sc., he published in 1913 one small volume—*Wesley's World Parish*. Condensed though this work is it abounds in happy portraiture. Thus: 'Thomas Coke possessed the imagination and audacity of the old sea-rovers. Where dreams of empire and the lust of gold, or the mystery of the fabled seas, lured those adventurers, this hero of the Gospel was drawn by the vision of the lost treasures of God's kingdom and the masses of mankind estranged from Him.' Another pregnant sentence reveals the method of the growth of the missionary enterprises of all the Churches who have been led through the daring experiments of pioneers to see the vastness of their world-task. 'Methodism's growth on Colonial soil resembled that of the British Empire, the extension of which came about in the first instance through sporadic private adventure, this being followed by local association inviting the control and fostering care of the Mother Country, through which the dependencies have been reared to adult nationhood.' The Church of Christ has had its Drakes and Frobishers and Clives who have forced new responsibilities upon it.

The Fernley Lecture on *Christian Doctrine and Morals viewed in their Connexion* was inspired by Dale's famous sermon on 'The Evangelical Revival,' which suggested that Methodism had failed to work out the ethical consequences of John Wesley's doctrine of entire sanctification. The Lecture expounds the central doctrines of Christianity and draws out their ethical implications. It reveals the deep interest of this quiet scholar in the wider social and moral questions of the day. Its programme for the twentieth century lies still far beyond us—'The abolition of war, the confederation of the Christian peoples, the organization of the forces of science for the uplifting of the

human race, and the establishment of a world-wide brotherhood of souls in the fellowship of God's Son Jesus Christ.' How deeply their master felt on these great themes will be known to those of his students who remember him in the autumn of 1914, with tears running down his cheeks, confessing his personal share of responsibility as a Christian teacher for the state of mind that had made the world-war possible.

For public life Dr. Findlay had little inclination. He is probably the only Wesleyan minister who has ever declined the highest honour in the power of his brethren to give him, the Presidency of the Wesleyan Conference. At times, when such questions as the preservation or renewal of the Methodist class-meeting fellowship were in debate, he gave much time and thought to work in Committee. On the rare occasions on which he spoke in Conference he was listened to with profound respect. But he loved to get back to his study, to influence by his pen those whom his voice was not strong enough to reach.

As a preacher he had none of the gifts of the orator. He had, it is true, the command of a pure and beautiful English style. It was an education and often a humiliation to take him some article and receive it back again with innumerable slight corrections, every one of which had to be acknowledged as an improvement. He had, as all his readers know, an almost infallible instinct for the right word. But a voice which at best was not strong, and a delivery that was halting and nervous, marked by long pauses, made him shrink from great assemblies. His happiest times were in little village churches, or at the College Communion Service with his students ranged before him. Many will remember the Quiet Days at Headingley when classes were put aside and the day given up to devotion. One thinks of Dr.

Findlay then—the tall figure with the scholar's head, the voice breaking into tenderness or passion as he pleaded the cause of his Lord. One of these Communion addresses at least is preserved in the *Expositor*, seventh series, vol. v., under the title 'The Parable of the Pearl Merchant,' though the most intimate touches are omitted. Here the Pearl Merchant is the Lord Himself. 'Jesus grudged nothing, He hesitated at nothing; the whole wealth and capital of His being—His sinless manhood, the glory of His Godhead—He staked upon the enterprise; He invested and sunk *Himself* in the work of man's salvation; 'He loved us, and gave *Himself* for us,'—He 'went and sold all that He had' for His one pearl, 'and *bought it*.' That clinched the bargain, and fetched home the purchase: 'Thou hast redeemed us to God with Thy blood!'

This last quotation will do as well as many others to reveal the secret of Dr. Findlay's life. Through all his writings there runs, like a deep under current, the thought of the Cross of Christ. 'The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, sitting on that thorn-crowned brow, clothing that bleeding Form rent with the anguish of Mercy's conflict with righteousness on our behalf—it is this which "shines in our hearts" as in Paul's, and cleanses the soul by its pity and its terror.' It is because of words like these that many of Dr. Findlay's students remember him even more as a great Christian than as a great scholar. By birth and by conviction he was a Methodist—'a Catholic Methodist' he would have liked to say—and the Evangelical faith was the very core of his being. We may close this imperfect appreciation of a noble and gracious Christian scholar with the closing words of his Will. 'I commit my soul to my Redeemer's care, and my earthly memory to the hearts of my children and my friends.'

Literature.

ASSISI.

THE sorest grudge we have against the Church of Rome is that she has made so many saints. There is that decent, kindly creature Francis—how we love him till we remember that he is a saint, how we stand away from him then. It is true that unbelievers utter the same complaint of our making the Lord Jesus Christ a God—it removes Him, they say, from our admiration and our imitation. But that is not true. 'If Jesus Christ is a man, and only a man . . . if Jesus Christ is a God'—it makes no difference in His case, we follow Him as a God as happily as we followed Him when a man. With the Roman Catholic saint it is altogether otherwise. He gains nothing by his sainthood, he loses his human beauty and truth and goodness.

But there are some compensations. If Francis had not been made S. Francis the great painters might not have journeyed to Assisi, and we should have lost some of our best beloved pictures, from Cimabue to Sir William Richmond. Not that it is the capital S. before Francis that has drawn Sir William Richmond so often to the spot. Far from it. The place appealed to him at once, and the man. And it is of the place itself that he has given us the fine pictures in that magnificent volume which Messrs. Macmillan have published—*Assisi: Impressions of Half a Century* (42s. net).

The illustrations are thirty-eight in number. They are nearly all in colour, and the colouring is surpassingly fine. Surely colour printing is the wonder of the sciences. It has leaped in one generation from the crude loud daubs we remember in youth to this, so rich, subdued, harmonious, pleasing.

Sir William Richmond would not have us overlook the letterpress. And that is not likely, even on the part of the enthusiast in art. For it is a well-written and informing narrative, the best 'guide' to Assisi one is likely to discover; and to the illustrations in the volume it is indispensable. One striking fact may be referred to, out of the many that are equally striking—the fact that even in Assisi people have forgotten the quarrel about the temporal power of the Pope. 'Sensible folk have settled down under the new circumstances

of Italian unity; one hears no more grumble among the clerics that the Holy Father has been robbed of his estate. Indeed were it possible to poll opinion, even among strong churchmen it would probably result in a minority for the return of temporal power, which is recognized by the younger generation to be a thing of the past and never to be revived. This greater harmony and certainty produces a sober-minded touch between laymen and clerics, who do not glare at one another as they did before the union; now they meet upon common grounds of interest and meet without animosity.'

A WOMAN'S CORRESPONDENCE.

Miss Eden's Letters, edited by her great-niece Violet Dickinson (Macmillan; 18s. net), is a book to send one to sleep. So says the editor. 'A friend of mine read some of the proofs. I found on three occasions they induced sound sleep within a few minutes, which leads me to hope perhaps other readers may find them equally soothing.' It were an excellent service to some of us, quite worth the money. But it is not to be. The letters are too good for that. There is no pose of cleverness; there is no contempt for convention—unless in the letters of the Irishwoman, Miss Fitzgerald (before her marriage with a Scots laird); there is no feminism, and there is no agnosticism. But there is humour, honour, mental health, friendly loyalty, and love.

This is Miss Fitzgerald. She is visiting at the great house of the first Marquess of Lansdowne, and finds the Marquess a worshipped bore: 'I have been at some pains to get particulars of this form of idolatry to the god Bore, and have collected thus much: Bore is an evil spirit that, they reckon, commonly doth haunt empty places, but is more terrible when he doth infest crowded places. He doth possess people after the fashion of the Devils in Judæa, and hath, besides, a contagious property, it having been noted that one possessed will generally infect others.'

Miss Fitzgerald married Sir Guy Campbell, and went to live in Bute. 'I cannot bear Scotland, in spite of every natural beauty, the people are so

odious (don't tell Mrs. Colville). Their hospitality takes one in, but that is kept up because it is their pride. Their piety seems to me mere love of argument and prejudice; it is the custom to make a saturnalia of New Year's Eve, and New Year's Day they drown themselves in whisky. Last New Year's Eve being Sunday, they would not break the Sabbath, but sat down after the preaching till 12 o'clock; the moment that witching hour arrived, they thought their duty fulfilled, seized the whisky, and burst out of their houses, and ran about drinking the entire night, and the whole of Monday and Monday night too. This is no exaggeration, you have no idea the state they are in—men lying about the streets, women as drunk as they—in short, I never was more disgusted. . . . That is something for Mr. What's-his-name's second edition of *The Unspeakable Scot*.

Miss Eden was one of the many sisters of Lord Auckland, who was at one time First Lord of the Admiralty and later Governor-General of India. She did not marry. Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister, would have her marry him, but his language was too lurid. She lived with her brother, went to India with him in 1835, and never got over his sudden death in 1849, though she out-lived him twenty years. For she could love, though she could not love a much swearing Prime Minister. And she had humour. Very amusing is her account of Lady Goderich, the wife of another Prime Minister, who sent out expresses all over the country for doctors because her husband had a bilious headache. The poor dear husband 'got quite well as the day went on and the dose went off, and then Sarah began to be frightened at what she had done; was content to be advised, and a third messenger was sent off to stop all the doctors he could find on the road. He turned back Warren in his chaise and four at Biggleswade; and West in his chaise and four a few miles beyond. Before the express came back, we were living in the pleasing expectation of going in to dinner,—Sister, Anne, Mary, and I—each arm in arm with a doctor—Clarke, Warren, West, and Swan—the Lincoln man. I wanted to make a pleasant evening of it, as there was not much sickness about, and after dancing a quadrille with them that we should take a little senna tea, and then have a good jolly game at Snap-dragon with some real Epsom Salts.'

And then the moral: 'Oh, by the bye, and another thing I have found out and meant to tell

you is, that Virtue is *not* its own reward. It may be anybody's else, but it is not its own. I take the liberty of asserting that my conduct here has been perfectly exemplary. I never behaved well before in my life, and I can safely add I never passed so unpleasant a month.'

PSYCHOLOGY AT WORK.

You may first study Psychology as a science and then live psychologically, or you may first live psychologically, that is to say, adapt your life to your environment, and then study Psychology. But wherever you begin you must end with a harmony between your life and the life around you: otherwise you do not rightly live. The whole secret of the healthy life is Adaptation, and Dr. Edgar James Swift repeats the word till—no, you do not weary of it, for every repetition is a fresh case for investigation, but till you see that it is not enough to live, you must live adaptably.

Dr. Swift is Professor of Psychology and Education in Washington University. He has already written three books which have done well. His latest, *Psychology and the Day's Work* (Allen & Unwin; 10s. 6d. net), has the merit of being both popular and scientific. It may be read and understood by anybody, and yet it is constructed on scientific lines with scientific accuracy. Perhaps the most remarkable of its characteristics is its readableness. That is at once a gift and an accomplishment. No man could bring out this agreeable result without toil, but no man would toil to bring it out without the natural gift of appreciating it.

There is a curious chapter, specially written for the diner-out, on 'the Psychology of Digestion.' But the chapter on 'Our Varying Selves' is not less curious and more instructive. For its instruction costs us more. What are we to do with a man with two selves? What are we to do with ourselves if there is even the suspicion of a duality in our persons? It may be possible for our friends to see the one, our enemies the other, but what are we to do when we discover that there are two selves to see? Professor Swift does not tell us. He is not a moralist. He leaves us to find the means whereby we shall cast out the old man with his deeds and be wholly renewed. The great moment is the moment of discovery, and that is the moment which Dr. Swift gives us.

There have been some arresting cases of varying selves, in fiction and out of it. There is General McClellan, an interesting but rather disappointing study. There is Sir John Hawkins: 'His love for his fellow-sailors led him to devote his fortune to founding a hospital for indigent sailors. Yet this fortune was made in the slave traffic, in which on his own boats and with his knowledge the most atrocious cruelties were practised, the slaves being treated far worse than cattle.' But when Dr. Swift comes to the Anti-vivisectionists and allows himself a most unjust reflexion upon the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, we wonder if we have discovered one varying self more than the chapter was meant to contain.

JACOPONE DA TODI.

Miss Evelyn Underhill has done another and an immense service to the cause of mystical religion. She has published a selection from Jacopone da Todi's 'Laude,' with a verse translation by Jessie Beck and an Introduction by herself. *Jacopone da Todi, Poet and Mystic* (Dent; 16s. net)—that is the title.

Miss Underhill gives her judgment of Jacopone's 'Laude' at once. 'His *laude*,' she says, 'when we have learned to read them rightly, constitute a human document as complete as the *Confessions* of St. Augustine, or the autobiography of Suso; perhaps more trustworthy, since they record his immediate reactions to experience, and are not—save in a few instances—the fruit of reflection upon emotions that are past.'

But first a few facts. Jacopone was born at Todi of an old Umbrian family about 1228 or 1230, soon after St. Francis died and whilst St. Clare had still twenty years or more to live, and dying in 1306—when Dante was forty-one—the span of his life covered the most impressive period of the Middle Ages: the last years of the Emperor Frederick II., and the whole reign of St. Louis, the careers of St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bonaventura. He saw the short papacy of Celestine V., the hermit saint whom Dante placed in hell. Living in the world until he was about forty years of age, a brilliant lawyer, a man of strong passions, wide cultivation and fastidious tastes, he is then said to have experienced a sudden and dramatic conversion: and, after following for

ten years, like the English mystic Richard Rolle, the roving career of a missionary hermit, he entered the Franciscan family as a lay-brother in 1278. He therefore brought to the service of religion an acute intellect, great knowledge of the world, and all the powers of a developed manhood.' For his satirical poems on Boniface VIII. he was condemned to imprisonment and spent five years (1298 to 1303) in the dungeons beneath the castle of Palestrina. He died on Christmas Eve, 1306, in the convent of Poor Clares at Collazzone; a small hill-town between Todi and Perugia.

There are probably not a few who know his name only in connexion with the authorship of the 'Stabat Mater.' The authorship lies between him and Pope Innocent III. Miss Underhill seems willing to let it go to the Pope. Jacopone's numerous 'Laude' or Songs are sufficient reputation. Miss Underhill, as we have seen, gives them a high place as mysticism; they deserve a high place also as poetry. Even those who 'may not sympathize with his religious attitude, cannot fail to admire the magnificent poems in which it is expressed: mystical love-songs matching in the sphere of spiritual passion the most beautiful lyrics of his Tuscan and Bolognese contemporaries.'

It is not easy to give examples in translation. In the early stanzas of 'La Bontade se lamenta' he gives a vivid picture of the emotional fervours of the soul touched by grace.

For when Desire that food doth taste,

—The sweets of grace, and given for nought!—

New life in all her being wakes,

In mind, and memory, and thought.

The will to wondrous change is wrought;

Her former sins she doth lament,

With yearning grief most vehement;

She finds no comfort and no cheer.

Now a new language doth she speak,

'Love, Love,' is all her tongue can say.

She weeps and laughs; rejoices, mourns,

In spite of fears, is fair and gay;

And though her wits seem all astray,

—So wild, so strange, her outward mien—

Her soul within her is serene;

And heeds not how her acts appear.

THE BIBLICAL LITERATURE.

It would be no disparagement of the author, Professor John Franklin Genung, if we were to say that *A Guidebook to the Biblical Literature* (Ginn; ros. 6d. net) is a popular Driver. But it might suggest undue dependence, and there is no such thing. Professor Genung's position is even a little in advance of Driver's here and there, and everywhere he has his own judgment to give, though of course he has studied Driver diligently.

Take it then at that—a popular Driver. To how many students has Driver's *Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament* been the gift of a new Bible? To how many has it been the recovery of a lost faith? Let Professor Genung's book be to the lay reader what Driver's has been to the student.

Professor Genung covers the whole ground, for it is a book of nearly seven hundred pages; yet of the many topics he touches there are few that he fails to throw some fresh light upon, or at least to emphasize some forgotten aspect of. He brings out the sense of national solidarity in the Hebrew prophets: 'As the message of the prophets was rather to nations than to individuals, their conception of character is in the absolute and in the mass,—a whole nation's traits at once. The nation or race, with the large resultant of its inherited and cultivated traits, was its unit of character; its fortunes and destiny those of an organic community. The religious and moral principles inculcated are indeed the same for individual and nation; but it is with the kind of nation that the sum of individual traits produces, the whole nation as it were a solidarity and composite personality, that the prophets are concerned. The Hebrew race's survival and mission in the large movements of the times, accordingly, depend on their character and stamina as a people educated in Jehovah's ways and moulded morally to his will.'

He recognizes the positive character of the Mosaic Law: 'We look at its central ordinance, that digest of commandments that can be counted on the ten fingers (the "Ten words," Ex. xx., Deut. v.), and at first thought they look like mere prohibitions, what *not* to do. But do they not thereby do human nature the honour of taking for granted that men, the negative barriers removed, will go on to *do* the positive good of their own motion? That is how Moses seems to regard it when, after his

Deuteronomic recounting of the ten words, he goes on to give its spiritual appeal in its attitude toward God. "Hear, O Israel," he says; "the Lord our God, the Lord is one. And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might" (Deut. vi. 4). He resolves it into a commandment of love,—a positive relation only possible to the inner life.'

DAVID W. FORREST.

Dr. J. H. Leckie has written a short memoir to introduce to us the sermons and theological papers which he has selected from the manuscripts of *David W. Forrest, D.D.*, Professor of Systematic Theology and Apologetics in the United Free Church College, Glasgow (Hodder & Stoughton; 12s. net).

The photographic frontispiece is extraordinarily good. You look again and again at the short face with its broad forehead, straight nose, and searching eyes. You judge that you have a man of self-discipline, who will be just toward all men but will not suffer fools gladly. Dr. Leckie knew him well. The portrait does *not* belie him.

But there was another strain—the photograph should have been taken twice. In this you do not see the man who was so gladly received at the sick pillow; nor do you see the man of this 'characteristic incident': 'I recall one characteristic incident of a visit paid to a worthy woman—a widow in humble circumstances and advanced in years whom I used to visit as the Elder of her district. She was in feeble health, and was lying down when Dr. Forrest called. No time was lost in inviting him to take a cup of tea with her, to which he gladly assented. She then wished to rise to carry out her hospitable intention; but this he would not allow, protesting that he was quite able to make the preparations himself. And accordingly (under instruction) he proceeded to infuse the tea and collect the other materials necessary for the meal. And then, after serving her, he sat down by the bedside, and they took tea together with much laughter and enjoyment.'

There are fifteen sermons, including two or three Communion Addresses. They are quite worthy of the man, and they give us the whole of him. The Communion Addresses are as fine in spiritual sympathy as in scholarship, and their expression is faultless. There are surprises. Who would have

expected the condescension to anecdote? But in the sermon on 'Wonder' this tells well: 'An African chief was once invited to the Court of Queen Victoria: and he was asked afterwards, "What of all things he had seen had most impressed him?" He replied: "The splendour of it all, and many things else, impressed me: but the greatest surprise of all was to find myself there."' There is his love of poetry too, poetry that some would call sentimental, and his impressive rendering of it. But he was a man of surprises, invigorating, redeeming.

SOCIALISM.

Mr. J. A. Hobson introduces to us *The Meaning of Socialism*, by Mr. J. Bruce Glasier (Manchester: National Labour Press; 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.). And in introducing it he says this: 'In choosing words one would say that the most profitable labour for Socialism is in the field of "humanism." If the term sounds a little "precious" or "pedantic" that can't be helped. It can and ought to be rescued from these contemptuous implications. For it is wanted to express the need and demand that Society shall be so transformed as to furnish for all its members a fully human life. From such a Socialism there easily and inevitably falls away the charge of materialism, based upon an over-stressing of distinctively economic conditions, the charge of regimentalism and loss of liberty based on magnifying the State, and the charge of proletarian violence as the instrument of reform.'

He adds: 'It is the high and peculiar merit of this book of Bruce Glasier's, that it expresses more fully, more freely, and, I think, more successfully than any other of our time, this humanist interpretation and outlook.'

It is true. If this is Socialism there is no fear for real religion. Mr. Glasier will not accept any sacerdotalism in religion. He will have nothing to do with 'sacerdotal beliefs.' And he brings under the name of religion, 'all forms of educational and benevolent propaganda, all pleadings and preachings of ideas of right against wrong, of truth against error.' But 'Socialism, in truth, consists, when finally resolved, not in getting at all, but in giving; not in being served, but in serving; not in selfishness, but in unselfishness; not in the desire to gain a place of bliss in this world for one's self and one's family (that is the individualist and

capitalist aim), but in the desire to create an earthly paradise for all. Its ultimate moral, as its original biological justification, lies in the principle, human and divine, that "as we give, so we live," and only in so far as we are willing to lose life do we gain life.'

MISSIONS AFTER THE WAR.

The Rev. A. J. Macdonald, M.A., made so favourable an impression on the student of political Christianity by his first book that the volume entitled *The War and Missions in the East* (Scott; 7s. 6d. net) which he has now published is sure at least of a careful reading. And that is what it needs and all it needs. The subject is vast and difficult. Mr. Macdonald has a good sound style; he says clearly what he clearly sees; and we have to give him time to impress us. We must read slowly, especially the great chapters on India, and read some of them again.

The result is likely enough to be a conviction that the time has come for a complete revolution in our missionary methods. For we have to recognize that the East *is* the East, as Kipling has been telling us, and must be left to follow Christ in its own way. The fact is—we quote Mr. Macdonald—"the fact is that the East possesses its own methods of thought, its own means of interpretation, its own way of self-expression. Our part is to give it universal concepts and leave it to work them into its own life in whatever manner seems best. Our business is to give to the Oriental Christ, to teach Christ as we were taught Christ from the lesson book of the Gospels, to teach Him as the universal Man, to speak of His Spirit as the universal God. For the rest the East can find its own dogma, its own creeds. There is nothing save our patronizing lack of confidence in the Oriental Churches to prevent our standing aside while an Indian, a Japanese, a Chinese scheme of belief or dogma is drawn up.'

There is the danger of all sorts of sects and heresies appearing. We must risk it. And we should remember that such modern movements as the Indian Samajes 'aim a more effective blow at their own religious systems than at Christianity. For the present the Samajes may be making converts, they may even prevent people from becoming Christians, but they are also weaning their people away from ancient tradition which

presents the most effective opposition to the Gospel. They are accustoming the East to the idea that a man can be saved without adherence to the old religious teaching.' Our Gospel teaches that Christ 'is the Spirit of life, and from this teaching the Western Church should take confidence that the life which is Christ cannot be stifled or lost by the Oriental mind when it seeks to interpret Him, nay that life will vivify and invigorate the intellect of the East as it has given life and movement to that of Europe.'

JERUSALEM.

How Jerusalem was Won is the title which Mr. W. T. Massey has given to his record of Allenby's campaign in Palestine (Constable; 21s. net). It is a good title. For the capture of Jerusalem was to us the centre of interest in the campaign and its own climax. We are very proud of the capture of Jerusalem by Allenby; we are very proud that when captured he entered it as a Christian.

One has sometimes wondered whether the captors themselves shared the excitement of those who were not there. Mr. Massey tells us: 'I have asked many men who were engaged in the fight for Jerusalem what their feelings were on getting their first glimpse of the central spot of Christendom. Some people imagine that the hard brutalities of war erase the softer elements of men's natures; that killing and the rough life of campaigning, where one is familiarised with the tragedies of life every hour of every day, where ease and comfort are forgotten things, remove from the mind those earlier lessons of peace on earth and goodwill toward men. That is a fallacy. Every man or officer I spoke to declared that he was seized with emotion when, looking from the shell-torn summit of Nebi Samwil, he saw the spires on the Mount of Olives; or when reconnoitring from Kustul he got a peep of the red roofs of the newer houses which surround the old City. Possibly only a small percentage of the Army believed they were taking part in a great mission, not a great proportion would claim to be really devout men, but they all behaved like Christian gentlemen. One Londoner told me he had thought the scenes of war had made him callous and that the ruthless destruction of those things fashioned by men's hands in prosecuting the arts of peace had prompted the feeling that there was little in civilisation after all,

if civilisation could result in so bitter a thing as this awful fighting. Man seemed as barbaric as in the days before the Saviour came to redeem the world, and whether we won or lost the war all hopes of a happier state of things were futile. So this Cockney imagined that his condition showed no improvement on that of the savage warrior of two thousand years ago, except in that civilisation had developed finer weapons to kill with and be killed by. The finer instincts had been blunted by the naked and unashamed horrors of war. But the lessons taught him before war scourged the world came back to him on getting his first view of the Holy City. He felt that sense of emotion which makes one wish to be alone and think alone. He was on the ground where Sacred History was made, perhaps stood on the rock the Saviour's foot had trod. In the deep stirring of his emotions the rougher edges of his nature became rounded by feelings of sympathy and a belief that good would come out of the evil of this strife. That view of Jerusalem, and the knowledge of what the Holy Sites stand for, made him a better man and a better fighting man, and he had no doubt the first distant glimpse of the Holy City had similarly affected the bulk of the Army.'

We have spoken of our pride in the manner of Allenby's entrance into Jerusalem. Our pride is no less in the behaviour of our troops after entering. Says Mr. Massey: 'When Jerusalem was won and small parties of our soldiers were allowed to see the Holy City, their politeness to the inhabitants, patriarch or priest, trader or beggar, man or woman, rebuked the thought that the age of chivalry was past, while the reverent attitude involuntarily adopted by every man when seeing the Sacred Places suggested that no Crusader Army or band of pilgrims ever came to the Holy Land under a more pious influence. Many times have I watched the troops of General Allenby in the streets of Jerusalem. They bore themselves as soldiers and gentlemen, and if they had been selected to go there simply to impress the people they could not have more worthily upheld the good fame of their nation. These soldier missionaries of the Empire left behind them a record which will be remembered for generations.'

How many of us have ever realized the difficulties of this campaign? We cannot realize them. The one difficulty of water we cannot realize. Before the great movement began the troops were taught

live on as little water as possible. A systematic water-abstinence training was gone through, which lasted three weeks.

SIR VICTOR HORSLEY.

The first half of Mr. Stephen Paget's *Life of Sir Victor Horsley* (Constable; 21s. net) is so medical, more than that, so surgical, that the general reader will get little out of it. He will be interested in the stamping-out of hydrophobia, and perhaps in the progress made towards the stamping-out of tetanism, and will be glad to see that he can understand some of the surgical experiments. But the real interest will begin with the second half of the book.

For then we come to Sir Victor Horsley himself. And great as the surgeon was—the greatest it could seem of his day—the man was greater. "I was lucky enough," says a well-known surgeon, "who was his assistant in private practice, "to be associated with him for many years; and my admiration for him steadily grew throughout the time, and under conditions in which bogus 'greatness' could not fail to betray itself. There was in him a hint of the archangel that I never discovered in any other man, and that made one feel that he could never be anything but young and strong." It is the exact phrase, "a hint of the archangel in him"; or the look of a head of Apollo on a Greek coin: but the upper part of his face was stronger than the lower part. His eyes were dark blue-grey, deep-set, and keen; he had perfect vision, but a touch of colour-blindness: and he and his brother Gerald had a little "flare" of white hair above the forehead. The tone of his voice and laughter was very musical; and he and Gerald had a way of pronouncing *th* as *v*. In the use of his hands, he was absolutely ambidextrous: he had been left-handed to begin with. He could even draw on wood equally well with either hand. His movements were quick and purposeful. Always, he held his head up and his shoulders back: no tricks, no pose: he was just himself, wherever he was. He neither showed off his gifts, nor could he hide them; and when he came into a dull roomful of guests, there was an odd effect as the lamps went up of their own accord.' That is most impressive from a biographer who had no sympathy for the 'causes' to which Sir Victor Horsley gave up so much of his life and energy.

Then of course there comes the weakness. What was it? A determination to see his own side of the picture too exclusively, an impatience with the other man's side. It is true the other man was likely to be easy-going or even incompetent, but there is need of patience. 'Like Ajax raging to himself in his tent, and mistaking a flock of sheep for his enemies, he was unwise in his wrath, and would attack harmless people with strange misunderstanding of them. He bewildered and exasperated us: he shook us up: he shone us down. It all comes back to the phrase that there was nobody like him: as it was said of him, at some German festival dinner, "Und da steht Horsley wie ein Gott." One can hardly imagine him in old age, slow and infirm and past work: he did not have to face it.'

And yet how considerate he could be. It is Dr. H. Huxley who says: 'I met him constantly in work, and learned more from his methods than from any one I have ever known. The kindest of men—he was ever ready to operate on or see the needy folks, with or without a nominal fee.' And there is a letter from the father of a child on whom Horsley operated for microcephaly. 'In the autumn of the year 1897, I took my child, then about nine months old, to seek the doctor's advice, the baby's forehead being contracted, there being no fontanelle. Sir Victor strongly advised an operation: and as I was not well off it was a great relief to me that he never charged me a penny either for the two consultations or for the two operations (my wife's brother and my own brother being doctors), besides which he gratified my wife's longing to be with her child—her first—by procuring a private ward for her at University Hospital. Two pieces of bone were removed at an interval of a fortnight. The child rapidly recovered. . . . He has been a comfort to us all our life. . . . He has been a year in charge of a trench mortar battery, and has been especially commended for repelling a raid in the trenches. So that I have much to be thankful for, that under God I met with Sir Victor.'

His death in the Mesopotamian expedition is recent history. Many have said he was foolhardy. No. He was hardy, that is courageous, even to self-sacrifice on behalf of others, but he was no fool.

One of the most unexpected results of the comparative study of religion is to establish the fact that in the most primitive society to which we can penetrate the custom was to reckon lineage from the mother. It has been long discussed and disputed, but Dr. E. Sidney Hartland has assuredly settled the question now. You will find the evidence most lucidly set forth in a paper read before the American Anthropological Association and entitled *Matrilinial Kinship and the Question of its Priority*.

The first number of 'The Pilgrim's Books,' a new series attractively printed and conveniently bound for the pocket, is a translation by 'a Graduate of Cambridge' of Johann Zimmerman's famous book. *The Pleasures of Solitude* is the title (Philip Allan & Co.; 5s. net). Not a word is said about the author; we are simply offered the book. We might have been reminded—for who can remember the facts of even so great a man's life?—that Zimmerman was born at Brugg, near Berne, in 1728, became public physician to his native town, and then was appointed physician for Hanover to George III. He attended Frederick the Great in his last illness. He published many books (two of them about Frederick, and one about himself), but only the book on Solitude is known to the world. It is elaborate, but the meditative reader can take time and rather prefers elaboration. His eulogy on Hume, with whom he felt a strong affinity, is well known and it is well worth knowing. This is the beginning of it:

'This profound philosopher and historian possessed a mild temper, a lively sociable disposition, a high sense of friendship, and an incorruptible integrity. His manners, indeed, appeared at first sight cold, for he had sacrificed little to the Graces; but his mind was invariably cheerful and his affections warm, and neither his ardent desire of fame nor the calumnies of his enemies was capable of disturbing his serenity. His life was passed in the constant exercise of benevolence; and even those who had been seduced by the artifices of others wantonly to attack his character with obloquy experienced his kindness and acknowledged his virtues. He would never, indeed, confess that his friends had ever had occasion to vindicate any one circumstance of his conduct, or that he had ever been attacked either by envy or by civil or religious faction. His company was

equally agreeable to all classes of society: young and old, rich and poor listened with pleasure to his conversation; for although he was deeply learned he had the happy art of delivering his sentiments upon all subjects without the slightest appearance of superiority.'

Those who intend to lecture on the *Pilgrim's Progress*, or even to read it intelligently, should first look into a booklet called *Whence? Whither?* written by Constance Nankivell (Allenson; 6d. net).

Peter, James, and John are the *Three Comrades of Jesus* of whom the Rev. Albert D. Watson gives his well-considered appreciation in one of Messrs. Allenson's 'Heart and Life Booklets' (1s. net).

The Great White Trail is the title of a little book for boys written by the Rev. F. T. Salter, B.A. (Allenson; 9d. net). It is written in language which boys will read; it has thoughts in it which will be for their salvation.

Train the children in observation and train them in imagination, but especially train them in imagination. The Rev. George Critchley's new book, *The Legend of the Sanctuary Flowers*, will serve (Allenson; 5s. net). Some of it will be best after good progress has been made, some will do to start with.

'The Science student learns that, however much he may wish a thing to be true, his wishing will not make it so; and also that, if he attempts to run counter to natural laws, those laws will assert their predominance in the end. In other words he begins to learn what is surely the great lesson of all Science, namely, that the conditions under which we live may be controlled by knowledge but cannot be subverted by ignorance. To take but a single example: it was ignorance, the self-sufficient ignorance of people in high places, which was directly responsible for the terrible mortality among our soldiers during the Crimean war; and it was the willingness of people in high places to be guided by knowledge that conferred upon the Japanese armies in Manchuria an immunity from disease and mortality such as had never before been experienced in warfare. Bearing this great fact in mind, our army medical service set to work during the early stages of the great war and overcame such diseases as typhoid fever, tetanus, and trench fever. But, even now, most of the heads of the medical profession are more interested in

and give their chief attention to, chronic and curable diseases, such as cardiac disease, diabetes, and nephritis, than to common fevers; and yet it is practically certain that it is to an "infection" in early life with one of the epidemic fevers that curable diseases are often traceable. If the medical profession would only make a systematic search for the germ of influenza, of measles, of scarlet fever, of whooping-cough, and of rheumatic fever, cures for these pestilential diseases might perhaps be found. At present there is nothing even remotely resembling a cure for any one of them. Medicine, as distinguished from surgery, is sadly lacking in Scientific Method. "Research does not pay."

The passage is worth quoting. For it is not the medical profession only that requires the use of the scientific method. In theology research is as necessary as in physical science, and as remunerative. Not in big stipends, but in the character of what is wrought by discipline. And in theology as in science it is by the use of the scientific method that our great gains have been made these thirty years or more. The Bible is a new book to us, as Bishop Ryle pointed out in these pages a few months ago. And how? By the use of the scientific method. So when Mr. F. W. Westaway issues a new edition of his book on *Scientific Method* (Blackie; 10s. 6d. net), it behoves us all—philosophers, scientists, theologians—to give it our special attention.

What is scientific method? It is induction. It is gathering the facts first and then drawing the conclusions. It is working from below upwards, not from above downwards. It is saying, not this so and let us see what follows, but let us see what this is, and then what follows.

The Rev. F. A. M. Spencer, M.A., author of *The Revival of Christianity* (Blackwell; 1s. 6d. net), holds that a thorough change is taking place in our religious thinking. We are no longer to endeavour after salvation from the fear of Hell. We are to give ourselves to service for the Kingdom of God.

The authors of *Materials for the Study of the Apostolic Gnosis* (Blackwell; 15s. net) are the Rev. Thomas Simcox Lea, D.D., Vicar of St. Austell, and Mr. Frederick Bligh Bond, F.R.I.B.A., author of 'The Gate of Remembrance.' They believe that they have discovered a proof of the

Resurrection of our Lord and of other early events in the history of Christianity, a proof of a gnostic character, which has hitherto been unknown or disregarded.

The Gospel story was presented at the beginning in two forms, one simple and suitable for beginners, the other symbolic and fitted only for adults. One—to quote their own words—'was the "sincere milk of the Word" spoken of by the Apostle, and it is provided for those who are as babes in the Faith. This was rightly offered by the Church to all converts from heathendom in the early days, but for the instructed there was the solid nourishment which was ordained to satisfy the advanced Christian. And this could only be imparted by those who had the apostolic gift of the Gnosis.'

Now this gnosis, they say, was conveyed to the advanced Christian mathematically. Each word had a certain value numerically, obtained by reckoning up the value of its separate letters. 'The Greek language, which is the appointed vehicle for the transmission to us of the Christian Mysteries, is the most perfect instrument yet devised for the expression of inspired thought, since not only is it superabundantly rich in its vocabulary and choice of terms, but, as can now for the first time be shown, it enables the scribe under the inspiration of the Spirit, to give effect to the most intimate spiritual meanings by the perfect union of letter and number which subsists in it.'

This idea is worked by the authors through words, phrases, and even sentences with results which it will take some courage to attribute to mere accident. The matter is at any rate worth looking into, especially when we see what the writers of the book claim to be able to prove by means of their discovery.

We do not know that we have ever had a more courageous book or, curiously enough, a more clearly written and convincing book, than *Some Ethical Questions of Peace and War* (Burns & Oates; 9s. net). The words are strong but they are well considered. The book is written by the Rev. Walter McDonald, D.D., Prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. And its purpose is to show that the policy that is identified with nationalism in Ireland at the present moment—a policy, you must remember, which has the bishops behind it—is suicidal. Bishops, Professors, other great leaders,

all are named without hesitation and shown to be wholly in the wrong. For a man to do as this man has done out of the heart of Roman Catholic Ireland is a fact of immense significance as well as singular virtue. Do you say he has a Highland name? He anticipates you, and shows that he is Irish of the Irish. 'Let these islands do their best,' he says (this is out of the middle of the book),— 'standing loyally back to back, dealing equal justice, man and master making equal sacrifice,—and still they will find it hard to live and keep their trade in the days that anyone can see coming. Let us pull against one another,—Labour against Employers, Briton against Irishman; each striving to get the other to bear more than his share of the common burthen,—and we are all sure to go down together. Should the trade of Britain fail,—as is but too possible,—I do not know how ours is to maintain itself. And I, for one, do not want the Self-Determination that is allowed to rule a bare cupboard and an empty purse.'

Professor J. P. Whitney, Gwatkin's successor in the Dixie Chair of Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge, has published his inaugural address. The subject is *The Study of Ecclesiastical History To-day* (Cambridge: at the University Press; 2s. 6d. net). After a word, well chosen, on each of his predecessors, he goes on to say that the great historians must be studied as well as the original sources; that the sorest need is for cheap textbooks; and that sound scholarship is the true pontifex. 'There is one thing which I have learnt, even more, perhaps, at Cambridge than elsewhere: I have learnt that sound scholarship is a wonderful bridge-maker over streams of difference. I recall some discussions, for instance, of Reformation History where you cannot tell to what ecclesiastical camp the investigators belong. Scholarship has a brotherhood and a unity of its own, and in its pursuit one learns a tolerance which is a step to more.'

O Hana San is the title of a book published by the Church Missionary Society (2s. net), in which the story is told of a bright attractive Japanese girl who became a Christian. The local colour is so well told by Constance C. A. Hutchinson that it scarcely needs to be painted, yet there are coloured pictures by H. E. Payne as well as etchings by J. M. Muriel Carlile.

Since Professor J. H. Woods of Harvard and Mr. C. B. Runkle of Cambridge, Massachusetts, translated Paul Deussen's *Outline of the Vedanta System of Philosophy*, a translation has appeared in English of Deussen's whole 'System der Vedanta'. It is Dr. Geden's fine translation, published by Messrs. T. & T. Clark. That, however, is only an encouragement to the translators of the *Outline* to issue it in a new edition. For it is what it is called, an outline, and an outline is what every student has to start with. The new edition is published in an attractive binding at the Oxford University Press (2s. 6d. net).

The Moorhouse Lectures for 1917, delivered in Melbourne by the Rev. David J. Davies, M.A., have been published under the title of *The Church and the Plain Man*, and copies may be had at the Oxford University Press (5s. net).

The plain man (he calls him also 'the average man') is coming. In Australia he has come. And the question which Mr. Davies answers is: What is the Church to do with him? So far, in Australia, as elsewhere, we have lost hold of him. We had him as a child, we lost him as a youth, we have not got him again. Well, the first thing is to understand him.

Now 'the plain man is a man after all. As a man of the world he admires efficiency and progress, the current catchwords of business. Tangible and visible success appeals to him. Effective organization and good business management, healthy finances and "push" are taken as signs of a justified existence. The Church is not a business, but if it does its real business with energy and decision, the plain man is ready to respect it, and to see something in it. An active philanthropy always appeals to the plain man. The church that cares for the poor, houses the orphan, ministers to the sick, and makes life brighter and easier in slum areas, will not lack support from men who rarely go to public worship.

That for the Church. Then for the clergy. 'As to the clergy, a high educational standard, earnestness and sincerity, personal self-sacrifice and the halo of romance that adorns devoted idealism, arouse a response in the plain man's mind and heart, for he, as a human being, is susceptible to the personal touch, and can appreciate and absorb truth when it is presented to him, not as an abstract proposition, but through

sonality in word, deed, and life, that is, in
ity and nobility of character.'

What does the plain man desire for himself?
ree things: first a religion that can help him,
t a religion that comes with authority, and then
eligion that has reality, especially the reality of
iness.

It is astonishing how much a careful scholar can
into a primer. You can read the primer on
Gospel and the Epistles of St. John, by the Rev.
nes Alexander Robertson, M.A. (T. & T.
rk; 9d. net), in a short hour, and you wonder if
thing has been left out and why everything is
fresh. It is the gift of scholarship, of style, of
separation. Mr. Robertson (who is United Free
urch Minister at Ballater on Deeside) made a
tation by his first book. This little book will
his reputation a still wider and more intimate
ception.

Professor Alexander R. Gordon, who writes a
ner at the same time on *The Prophetical
erature of the Old Testament* (T. & T. Clark;
net), has an already established reputation both
a scholar and as a popular expositor. Neither
nor Mr. Robertson has given us what some
opant reviewer once called 'pemmican'; it is
sh food, delicious and desirable, and not too
uch of it.

Mr. Edward Grubb, M.A., has brought into one
lume two years' issues of his 'Bible Notes,' the
ues for 1911 and 1912. They deal with the
rson of Christ, one in the New Testament, the
ner in Post-Biblical thought. The title is *Christ
Christian Thought* (James Clarke & Co.; 3s. 6d.
t).

Two strong courses of lectures are contained in
The Life Here and the Life Hereafter (James Clarke
& Co.; 6s. net). The preacher is the Rev. John
addell, B.A., Minister of Egremont Presbyterian
urch. The first course, consisting of twelve
rmans, is on 'Problems of the Present Life'; the
cond course of ten is on 'Problems of the Future
Life.'

For the present life the topics are: the Child,
e Youth, Woman, Intemperance, Luxury and
aste, Patriotism, the Vote, the Right to Live,
usiness, Industrial Relations, Is the Church out-
-Date? a League of Nations.

In the second course the topic of most popu-

larity is spiritualism. Two quotations go to the
heart of the matter. One is from Mr. T. W.
Rolleston: 'On the whole we seem to get in this
field of inquiry precisely what the medium has to
give us and no more. Of anything like a new
spiritual wisdom there is never a trace. Does this
not suggest an answer to the problem why
spiritualism has not proved more acceptable as a
response to man's craving for commerce with the
unseen? Is it not because this craving is at
bottom concerned with far other things than lost
property or sealed messages or even the well-being
of those dear to us? Is it not really the longing
to catch some ray of divine light, to learn some
ethic based on a wider and profounder vision, to
feel ourselves even for a moment in communion
with a love and a wisdom loftier than those of
earth? This is just what spiritualism has entirely
failed to give.' The other is from Sir William
Barrett: 'None will find in automatic writing or
other spiritualistic phenomena the channel for the
"Communion of Saints," which is independent of
material agency and attained only in stillness and
serenity of soul.'

Professor Gilbert Murray has written a booklet
on the League of Nations. *The Covenant Ex-
plained* is its title (Educ. Pub. Co., 9 Southampton
Street, Holborn, W.C.). It costs one shilling, and
a right well-spent shilling that will be. Every
copy contains three application forms for member-
ship.

A substantial volume on *The Person of Christ
and His Presence in the Lord's Supper* has been
published by Mr. Richard D. Badger at the
Gorham Press in Boston, U.S.A. (\$1.50 net).
The author is the Rev. Jeremiah Zimmerman,
D.D., LL.D.

Dr. Zimmerman 'was appointed in January 1918
to deliver at Gettysburg the Holman Lecture for that
year on Article Tenth of the Augsburg Confession.
Later, he was urged to publish the same with
important additions in book form. The result of
the study is this volume, which is sent forth with
the earnest prayer and hope that it may tend to
increase our faith in the historical incarnation of
the Divine One in Christ; that our fellowship
with the personal Christ may become more real by
discerning His Presence in the Lord's Supper;
that in this Holy Communion there may be

developed and realized the spirit of genuine love for the Church universal; so that whilst we may not all be able to think and express ourselves exactly alike,—though holding fast to the Divine Christ, we may all be able to love one another, even as He hath loved us, and as He hath enjoined and commanded us to love one another.'

This is Article X. of the Augsburg Confession: 'In regard to the Lord's Supper, they teach that the body and blood of Christ are truly present, and are dispensed to the communicants in the Lord's Supper; and they disapprove those who teach otherwise.' And that is Dr. Zimmerman's position. He holds that he and the Article are in agreement with the Thirty-Nine Articles and even with the Council of Trent—until that Council 'ventured to explain their positive statement by declaring the doctrine of Transubstantiation in these words: "this holy Synod doth now declare it anew, that, by the consecration of the bread and of the wine, a conversion is made of the whole substance of the bread into the substance of the body of Christ our Lord, and of the whole substance of the wine into the substance of his blood; which conversion is, by the Holy Catholic Church, suitably and properly called Transubstantiation."'

Reunion and Recognition suggests the life to come, but it is ecclesiastical reunion and the recognition of ordination that Dr. P. T. Forsyth discusses in the pamphlet with that title (Headley; 9d. net).

Another of Messrs. Headley's pamphlets must be rescued from the fate that so often befalls pamphlets in this land. It is a right suggestive and moving discourse on the use of Love in fulfilling the prayer 'Thy kingdom come.' The writer is the Rev. Eric Hayman, B.A.

There has been issued the tenth edition, 'entirely revised and enlarged right up to date,' of Mr. Laurence M. Gibson's *The New Handbook for Literary and Debating Societies* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net).

'What is the outstanding feature of modern Society? Unquestionably it is *social disintegration*, seen in the separation of rich and poor, and the growth of social caste and class feeling.'

So says the Rev. David Watson, D.D., and the saying is the centre of his book on *The Social*

Expression of Christianity (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net). Now disintegration is a big mouthful, and there is a risk of its becoming as blessed as Mesopotamia or Democracy. But Dr. Watson watches his words well. You will find no soothing repetitions in him. He is one of our most outspoken and whole-hearted advocates of a social Christianity. And he has come at a good time. He does not ignore the individual, but he gives him only a third of the whole consideration. 'Christ,' he says, 'is related to society in at least three ways: first, through the individuals who compose it, for He revealed the eternal value of the individual soul; second, through the Christian conception of the Kingdom of God as the social ideal; and third, through the direct bearing His teaching has upon the problems of society.'

How many besides the Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy would have sent out a volume with the title *Lies!* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net)? The book, as the title, is plainness of speech from first to last. A spade is called a spade, except when it is called a damned spade. For this former padre, now vicar, uses the language of the trenches out of sympathy with the men whom he believes to be the victims of lies. He finds lies everywhere, and he wants to kill them one by one. 'It's the only way to deal with lice, and it's the only way to deal with lies.' He finds them everywhere, we say. Indeed, the only truth he seems to have discovered is the truth of the psalmist's saying, 'I said in my haste that all men are liars.' He finds them—but we need not make selections.

What does he propose to do? He proposes to give every liar 'a firm faith in life eternal.' Nothing less and nothing else will 'do.' And he proposes to do it by getting men and women, and most of all little children, 'to pray continually, to commune with God, to worship God.' For he sees that they all acknowledge their duty to man. They recognize the obligation of the second commandment; they do not recognize the existence of the first.

Another volume has been published of Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson's letters. It carries the story of the war from the entry of the Americans to the end. The title is *Living Bayonets* (Lane; 6s. net). It is the correspondence of an eminent writer who has the special gift of letter-writing

one after scene is sketched for us in memorable vividness. There are few letters without the record of some moving incident. One striking incident is brought out by the reading of the book right through; the author gradually passes from admiration of the Germans to amusement, to dislike, to hatred, to disgust. The last letters are terrible in their loathing. 'Judas, the front-rank assassin of all times, set an example in efficiency which it would behove Germany to follow, when he went out into the garden and hanged himself.'

The War Romance of the Salvation Army (Pippincott; 6s. net), even though it is only the Salvation Army of America, is not soon told. Miss Grace Livingston Hill, inspired by Miss Angeline Booth, the Commander-in-Chief in America, has taken 358 pages to it. Yet it reads as if it were written at a sitting. The style is the author's (or shall we say the Army's?) own, and it is maintained in all its glow and go to the very end. The 'lassies' are 'lassies' and 'lovely lassies,' and the pies and the cakes and above all the doughnuts are as 'lovely' (to another sense) as the 'lassies.' And you feel yourself one of a truly charming company who did well and deserved all the joy they had in the doing.

It was not all fun. Oh no. 'It was very still in the mess hall as the two lovely lassies took their guitars and began to sing. There was something so strong and sweet and pure in the glance of their blue eyes, the set of their firm little chins, so pleasant and wholesome and merry in the very curve of their lips, that the men were hushed with respect and admiration before this highest of all types of womanhood.

'It was a song written by their Commander that the girls had chosen, with a sweet, touching melody, and the singers made every word clear and distinct:

Bowed beneath the garden shades,
Where the Eastern sunlight fades,
Through a sea of grief He wades,
And prays in agony.
His sweat is of blood,
His tears like a flood

For a lost world flow down.
I never knew such tears could be—
Those tears He wept for me!

Hung upon a rugged tree
On the hill of Calvary,
Jesus suffered death, to be
The Saviour of mankind.
His brow pierced by thorn,
His hands and feet torn,
With broken heart He died,
I never knew such pain could be,
This pain He bore for me!

'Suddenly crashing into the midst of the melody came a great shell, exploding just outside the door and causing everyone at the table to spring to his feet. The singers stopped for a second, wavered, as the reverberation of the shock died away, and then went on with their song; and the officers, abashed, wondering, dropped back into their seats marvelling at the calmness of these frail women in the face of death. Surely they had something that other women did not have to enable them to sing so unconcernedly in such a time as this!

Love which conquered o'er death's sting,
Love which has immortal wing,
Love which is the only thing
My broken heart to heal.
It burst through the grave,
It brought grace to save,
It opened Heaven's gate.
I never knew such love could be—
This love He gave to me!

How do we understand *The Divinity of Christ* now? The answer is brief enough and intelligible enough as given by Canon Vernon F. Storr in the latest issue of the Liverpool Diocesan Board of Divinity Publications (Longmans; 2s. net).

In issuing an abridged edition of the F. W. H. Myers' *Human Personality* (Longmans; 6s. 6d. net), the editors, S. B. and L. H. M., do not mention that an abridged edition was issued in 1907. They mention only the original edition in two volumes. But they cannot have forgotten it, for it was edited and abridged by one of the present editors, Myers' son, Leopold Hamilton Myers.

The new edition has two advantages. It is shorter than the other and it is cheaper. Much was cut away from the original book in the first abridgment, and it was a better book in consequence. This is the best book of the three.

Trothyonyuncongor—what is that? It is a familiar sound to the ordinary English worshipper. It is the way in which a phrase of the Prayer for the Church in the Order of the Holy Communion is uttered by many Anglican priests. The phrase as printed in the Prayer Book is 'truth, unity and concord.'

It is an example, a terrifying example, of what careless enunciation comes to. There is so much careless enunciation in *The Conduct of Public Worship*, that the Rev. F. H. J. Newton, B.A., has written a book about it which has been published by Messrs. Longmans under that title (5s. net). He who has to conduct a non-liturgical service is apt to envy the priest who simply 'reads out of his book.' But here is a volume every sentence of which is used to show that the reading out of the book demands natural ability, training, and sleepless watchfulness.

It is well known that the Rev. Peter Green, Rector of St. Philip's, Salford, and Canon of Manchester, is a successful pastor; it is not so well known that he can show other men the way. But a reading of his Pastoral Theology Lectures at Cambridge and King's College, London, will reveal it. The word 'practical' is rarely used by him, but it is in the reader's mind throughout. Ideas and ideals are plentiful, but they are always set to work: if they will not work they are set aside. For this business is the King's and it requires haste.

And yet, if there is anything that Canon Green urges more earnestly than another, it is not to let haste outrun discretion: if there is any man with whom he is himself impatient it is the impatient young curate or vicar. For there is the haste that recognizes the urgency of the work, and there is the haste that recognizes nothing.

Canon Green enters into all the details of parish work and writes out of a long successful experience. The title is *The Town Parson* (Longmans; 6s. net).

Mr. Charles Whibley has published a volume of *Literary Studies* (Macmillan; 8s. 6d. net). It contains three chapters of varied information but uniform entertainment on the Chroniclers and Historians of the Tudor Age, Tudor Translators, and Rogues and Vagabonds of Shakespeare's Time. In the last of the three we light unex-

pectedly upon Falstaff, and perceive his superiority over Poins and Bardolph—a hero of poetry he, they of the street and the highway.

Then comes a critical, somewhat stinging, essay on Sir Walter Raleigh. It is followed by one or two on the Court Poets of the days of Pepys, and that by one on Congreve and some others. The most curious and minute study in the volume is of the parodists who arose on the introduction of Scarron into this country, and the satirists who followed Samuel Butler's *Hudibras*—Cotton, Ned Ward, Tom Brown, and company. It is a picture of a society of letters which surely will be seen but once in this world. Yet it is a descensus which some say we were even lately heading for, when we were rescued by that other hell, the European war.

The last essay is an apologetic for Dean Swift. It is the attack of Macaulay and still more of Thackeray that have sent Mr. Whibley into the lists. And he lays about him with right goodwill. His chief weapon of defence is Swift's capacity for friendship. But why is Swift still so bitterly attacked? For his irony most of all. Even yet we do not understand irony, and as all the unknown is feared we dread it.

A book on Prayer, its practice not its theory, is *In touch with the Throne*, written by the Rev. James Little, D.D. (Marshall; 3s. 6d.). The man who prays well is not always able to discuss the theory of prayer, but he can show other men how to pray. *This Dr. Little does.

Sir A. Conan Doyle's book *The New Revelation* is subjected to a sympathetic but searching criticism in a volume entitled *The Vital Choice: Endor or Calvary?* (Morgan & Scott; 2s. net). The author is Lieut.-Col. D. Forster, C.B.E., D.S.O., R.E.

Short addresses intended for steadying and strength are offered by the Rev. J. Taylor, B.D. in *Cameos of Comfort* (Morgan & Scott; 3s. net). They are mostly attached to texts, of which the sometimes give a helpful exposition. But the end is never out of sight—consolation for those who are sufferers by the war. Mr. Taylor had much experience and he touches with a gentle hand.

The Rev. J. C. Carlile, D.D., has gathered into a volume some of the addresses which he delivered in Canada and the United States during the war. The title is *Vision and Vocation* (Morgan & Scott

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PREFACE.

THIS book, such as it is, contains my last public utterances as Lady Margaret Professor. When I had no longer any doubt that the time had come when I ought to retire, I planned a short course of lectures which might perhaps be suitable to mark the close of the tenure of the chair as an Inaugural marks its beginning. It happened that I was also called upon to preach before the University in the regular course; and I have ventured to print this sermon along with the lectures. The four chapters which are thus formed were not exactly designed in the first instance as a continuous series. And yet, apart from the fact that they were all written at the same time, there is a real thread of connexion between them. I have tried to express this in the common title under which I have grouped them. The underlying thought is that not only the field of what we call special revelation but the whole process of religious evolution must be included in one great divine scheme, which has its human side of progressive experiment, but has no less its divine side in which all the scattered, imperfect, and fluctuating efforts of man are co-ordinated into a single, continuous, and comprehensive whole, with subtle invisible links between its various parts and stages. The third lecture develops (in a form which is partly apologetic) the point that it is a mistake to suppose that this divine element involves anything that is really arbitrary or irregular. The sermon may be taken to illustrate an application of the general idea in its bearing upon modern problems. It is reprinted here by kind permission of the editor of *The Expositor*. The frontispiece is from Erman's *Ägyptische Religion* (1905), p. 71.

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4s. net). The addresses are fresh in thought and clear in construction. For the most part Dr. Carlile is attracted by texts with a breath of poetry in them. In the last of all the text is Is 61³, 'Beauty for ashes.'

What do ashes stand for? In the Old Testament for four things—human frailty, humiliation, grief, and defeat. The word 'beauty' should be 'garland of flowers.' So the idea is that a garland of flowers will be given as power for frailty, as honour for humility, as joy for grief, as victory for defeat. The whole conception is worked out quickly, and the sermon ends with a sense of those very things being received or at least ready for our acceptance.

The Rev. Anthony C. Deane, M.A., has issued a reprint of his charming booklet *A Library of Religion* (Mowbray; 1s. 6d. net). There is no change. The prices of some of the books recommended have changed, but then, as Mr. Deane truly (and we hope hopefully) says, the chances are that if corrections were made now these corrections would soon be incorrect. We could criticise the book. Who could not? One comprehensive criticism is enough now: Fewer books and fuller.

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Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. are the publishers of a booklet on the income tax. Its title is *Income Tax Simplified* (1s. 6d. net). The author is Mr. Arthur Fieldhouse. In your distress try it. There is no iniquity in it, but much clear thinking and good advising.

Causes and Consequences (Simpkin, Marshall; 2s. 6d. net) is a very bad title for a very good book. The author, Mr. G. Gordon Samson, writes for Labour, and shows how easy it is for Labour to go astray regarding wages, wealth, the land, and other things, and how disastrous 'to the greater number' persistent misunderstanding will be.

In an introductory note to *The Church Catechism Revised*, by the Rev C. L. Feltoe, D.D. (Skeffingtons; 1s. net), there occurs this sentence by Canon A. W. Robinson: 'What seems now to be most needed is that we should all of us be helped to understand, with equal clearness, that the Church can only live and do its work truly, as it constantly remembers that it is not an end in

itself, but the appointed means whereby mankind is to be prepared for the speedy coming of the Kingdom of God.'

Mrs. M. Hardy dedicates her new volume of essays, *The Embroidery of Quiet* (Skeffingtons; 4s. net), 'to the Memory of Theodore Bayley Hardy, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., Honorary Chaplain to the King, C.F., 37th Division.' They are quite unique as essays. There is no instruction—not a single scientific fact. There is no artistry—not a landscape nor a seascape, not a river nor a rose. There is no theology. Truth, beauty, goodness, we say, that is the sum of life: then there is no life here. And yet it is just life that is here. But it is life as a whole, not broken into aspects. Sorrow is not separated from joy, pleasure is not felt to-day, pain to-morrow. We do not obey the body to forget the soul, or serve the soul to neglect the body. What differences life brings are differences in life itself, not in its accidents.

'Daughter. It's a confession, but I have long suspected that I reign over, but do not govern my hopes. My soul still remains perplexingly young, hopeful.

'Mother. Are you surprised? I am not. For the soul by its very essence is ever young.

'Listen, listen while I tell you; the body is born young, and grows old, but the soul is born old, and grows young.

'This is the secret that the old have no power to tell to the young.'

Students of Christianity, whether Biblical or Ecclesiastical, owe an imperishable debt to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Month by month the Society issues books that are of the utmost importance for their studies, and in a form that is both convenient and scholarly. There are books in series and there are books by themselves.

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The Epistles of Ignatius have been published in Greek, with introductions, as one of the S.P.C.K. 'Texts for Students' (1s. net). The editor is the Rev. T. W. Crafer, D.D.

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Mr. J. H. Harris has written a most instructive book on Africa. Mr. Harris is Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Aborigines Protection Society, and his interest is chiefly in the labour question. He calls his book *Africa: Slave or Free?* (S.C.M.; 6s. net). But he has given an account of the conditions of native life all round, and that so vividly that we read the book from cover to cover, and then wish some one would write just its fellow on Asia and America.

Very many are the social problems of Africa and very difficult—labour, race, sex, religion; every great social fact seems to rise into acuteness. Mr. Harris sees one thing clearly, that the only way to their solution is the Christian way. But he would have the missionary act wisely and in harmony. Thus:

'The question of polygamy in Africa is one of real urgency for the forces of Christianity. Agreement is probably impossible upon every detail, but there should be general support for main principles. Any violent breaking down of polygamy which involves injustice to and the degradation of certain wives cannot be tolerated. The denial of Church membership to the polygamist at the time

of conversion cannot be defended upon scriptural grounds, and should therefore be abandoned. Monogamy, being the ideal state for social and spiritual peace and enjoyment, should be the condition of holding office in any Christian Community. Given the acceptance of these three broad principles, much of the irritating detail of to-day would vanish from the troubled vision of the African.'

At the Swarthmore Press is published *Letters from India*, by J. S. H. (2s. net). There are two parts. The first part is a missionary's impressions of needs and methods; the second is the record of a missionary's rescue work during the influenza epidemic of last year. The facts are fresh and sometimes alarming.

What is the Christian Ideal? There are ideals, of course, like justice, mercy, love. But there is one ideal. What is that? The Rev. William E. Wilson, B.D., will tell you. Mr. Wilson has written a book with that title: *The Christian Ideal* (Swarthmore Press; 5s. net). He defines the ideal as 'a constantly developing life, always enlarging its powers and scope by harmonious co-operation in a society organically one under the complete control of God.'

Is there not a single name for it? Its name is the Kingdom of God. And Mr. Wilson's book is really an up-to-date exposition of what is understood by that phrase. Could he have written on a more timely topic? He could not. It is also difficult to see how he could have written more helpfully.

A book on *Social Ideals in India* has been issued by the United Council for Missionary Education (1s. 3d. net). The author, Mr. William Paton, answers to the name of 'globe-trotter,' but he has been watchful and he has read widely.

So rare a thing is a new book of mysticism that one opens *The Golden Fountain; or, The Soul's Love of God* (Watkins; 3s. net), with some hesitation. There is no author's name. The claim is quite modest: 'Being some Thoughts and Confessions of One of His Lovers.' Moreover, there is an occasional dash of curious psychology: 'Correspondence with the Divine is accomplished for the creature through the heart and by the uppermost

part of the breast, this latter place (above the heart and below the mind) is the dwelling-place of the celestial spark of the soul, which lies, as it were, between two fires—that of the heart and that of the mind, responding directly to neither of these, but to God only.' Again, it is the record of an experience that is quite normal and quite modern in expression. And yet it is a book of true mystical devotion. The writer has through much tribulation washed her robes and made them white even while here on earth, and enjoys the rapture of the saints. She has no visions, but she has ecstasies, for the soul, 'whilst she is able to maintain this most difficult height of contemplation, may be visited by an intensely vivid perception, inward vision, and knowledge of God's attributes or perfections, very brief; and this *as a gift*, for she is not able to will such a felicity to herself, but being given such she is instantly consumed with adoration, and *enters ecstasy*.'

In 1902 Sir G. G. Greenwood published *The Faith of an Agnostic*. Now at the end of these seventeen years he issues the book again (Watts; 12s. 6d. net). He has rewritten a good deal of it and made many additions. But it would have been better if he had written a new book—not because he has greatly changed his mind, but because the things to which his mind then applied itself are no longer the things which most concern us. Some problems are of course with us always. But even on them Sir G. G. Greenwood should have written anew. For they change their aspect as time passes. Huxley and Herbert Spencer were much talked of in their day and talked much, but who goes to the one for science now or to the other for philosophy? In this book we have Huxley and Spencer till we wish they were both, like Huxley's 'bathybius,' at the bottom of the sea. We have no grudge against these conscientious and contentious men, but they are out of date. At the beginning of the seventh chapter Sir G. G. Greenwood quotes a paragraph from Volney and begins the next with 'So wrote Volney at the beginning of the eighteenth century. What says the philosopher of to-day?' Whereupon there follows a long quotation from Herbert Spencer's 'First Principles,' just such a quotation as shows why Spencer and his philosophy are past.

It is a pity. For the author of this book is conscientious, fair-minded, and inoffensive. He

has courage too. He does not hesitate to contradict other agnostics. Of one of Leslie Stephen's proud theories, he says bluntly, 'I do not think the argument will "hold water."' In truth, he is something of a terror to his friends. For he will insist upon being religious and on the necessity of religion for every man, which is just the unpardonable sin in the eyes of the professional rationalist.

When Dr. W. Tudor Jones lectured to our Soldiers, Sailors, and Munition Workers in 1918

and 1919 he discovered that, as a rule, they did not know that they had minds. He found it necessary to prove to them that they had, and then show them how to use these minds of theirs. The demonstration of the fact that they really had minds interested them greatly, and fitted them somewhat for the difficult discipline of the use of them. Into *The Training of Mind and Will* (Williams & Norgate; 2s. 6d. net) Dr. Jones has boiled down many long lectures. And now we too may find out that we have minds and may wish to make some use of them.

An Aramaic Source for Acts i.-xv.

BY THE REVEREND CHARLES ANDERSON SCOTT, D.D., PROFESSOR OF THE NEW TESTAMENT,
WESTMINSTER COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

THERE is no book of the New Testament whose reputation in the judgment of scholars has changed so much in the last thirty years as that of the Acts of the Apostles. One looks back to one's student days, when Zeller's *Commentary* was the last word in criticism, and remembers how through the ruthless application of Baur's theory it left the Acts under a cloud of suspicion which deprived it of practically all historical authority and even usefulness. The remarkable change which has taken place in the interval may be measured by the treatment of the subject in Professor Kirsopp Lake's article in the *Dictionary of the Apostolic Church*. There one notices the quiet ignoring of not a few critical positions which used to be taken as almost axiomatic, the careful weighing of probabilities in favour of historical accuracy, where the author used to be dismissed as an unblushing glozer of a painful situation, and in general a tone of respect for the document, which used to be conspicuously lacking in the work of advanced scholars. We owe much in this respect to a foreign scholar who has since become our enemy, more even to the learning, the indefatigable labour, and the candour of Sir William Ramsay, whose slow conversion to belief in Luke as the author, and as an honest and trustworthy authority, has made more impression than the defences advanced by those who never knew a doubt.

The history of criticism as applied to the Acts has entered on a new phase since the publication

in 1916 of Professor Torrey's special study on the composition and date of Acts.¹ Professor Torrey is well known through his previous contributions to Semitic scholarship, and especially to the problems of Ezra and Nehemiah. He broke ground in this field of New Testament criticism with an essay on 'The Translations made from the Original Aramaic Gospels,' which he contributed to a volume presented to Professor C. H. Toy.² The thesis of this essay was that, especially in the earlier chapters of his Gospel, Luke employed Aramaic originals, and shows himself 'an accomplished translator.' In the present work he carries the same thesis a stage further, and seeks to show that in Ac 1-15³⁵ we are to recognize the translation of a document originally written in Aramaic, found and translated by Luke between 62 and 64 A.D., and to be interpreted in some of its most difficult passages through the recognition of mistakes or too literal renderings in the translation.³

¹ *The Composition and Date of Acts*, by Charles Cutler Torrey, Professor of Semitic Languages in Yale University: No. 1 of 'Harvard Theological Studies.' Oxford University Press, 1916, 72 pp.

² *Studies in the History of Religion, Presented to Crawford Howell Toy*. New York: Macmillan & Co., 1912.

³ The theory is not referred to by Prof. Kirsopp Lake, and by inference he may be said to reject it: 'It is more probable here [c. 3] than anywhere else in Acts that we are dealing with traces of a written Greek document underlying Acts in the same way as Mark and Q underlie the Lucan Gospel' (*D.A.C.* i. 23).

The idea that there is an Aramaic source or sources at the back of the early chapters of Acts was suggested by Nestle (1896), commended as probable by Harnack (1908), and is referred to as possible by Dr. Moffatt in his *Introduction*. It is now taken up by Professor Torrey, and worked out with much care and fulness of illustration, and also with much clearness and felicity of style.

It may be well to state at once the point which is really at issue. It is commonly recognized that the first part of Acts is marked by a number of locutions which are Semitic in character. In the second half the Semitisms are by comparison few and unimportant. The question is, Are these Semitic features to be explained as due to Luke's familiarity with the Greek text of the Septuagint, itself marked by such survivals from the original Hebrew text, or do they provide evidence that he was translating from an Aramaic document, translating from a language in which he was not perfectly at home, and translating with a slavish preciseness which sometimes caused him to make mistakes? 'The truth is,' says Dr. Torrey, contending for the latter view, 'that the language of all these fifteen chapters is translation-Greek through and through, generally preserving even the order of words. In the remainder of the book, chapters 16-28, the case is altogether different. Here there is no evidence of an underlying Semitic language. The few apparent Semitisms are chargeable to the Koiné, though their presence may be due in part to the influence of the translation-Greek which Luke had so extensively read and written' (p. 7). In confirmation of this distinction Dr. Torrey adduces the 'really startling' contrast between the two halves of the book in respect of the formal citations from the Old Testament. In the earlier half we find (according to Nestle's text) eighty-three such citations: in the second half only four, one of which may be a report of what Paul himself said (p. 57).

From these general considerations Dr. Torrey proceeds to examine the text of the first half of Acts, adducing in the first place 'some specially striking examples of mistranslation,' six in all (2⁴⁷, 3¹⁶, 4²⁴, 8¹⁰, 11²⁷⁻³⁰, 15⁷). He rightly points out that all of these represent real *cruces interpretum*, and in several of the cases his solution based on re-translation into Aramaic is both welcome and plausible. One or two examples may be given. In 2⁴⁷, where the very difficult ἐπὶ τὸ αὐτό appears

in the critical editions (in place of τῇ ἐκκλησίᾳ substituted by perplexed copyists), Dr. Torrey concludes that the phrase is Luke's rendering of an Aramaic equivalent for σφόδρα, and taking the prefixed *lamed* to signify an indirect instead of a direct object, gets as the original form: 'The Lord added greatly day by day to the saved.' And, further, he finds an explanation of Luke's mistranslation here in the fact that 'the use of the word lahda to mean "greatly" is a peculiarity of the Judæan dialect, not likely to be familiar to a native of Antioch. It is to be presumed, however, that Luke knew Greek at least as well as he knew Aramaic; and however slavish his habit of translation, it is not likely that he would write what would be meaningless for his Greek readers. It seems to me that the right translation of ἐπὶ τὸ αὐτό here (whatever it may be in earlier passages) is 'thereunto'; and the meaning either 'to the same place' (in harmony with the sustained emphasis on the gatheredness of the new community) or more probably 'to the same society' (Weizsäcker: ihrer Vereinigung). In the latter case we might have a reflexion of the period when the new community had not yet taken to itself the name of *ecclesia*, and the writer was at a loss for a word to describe it.

In 3¹⁶ Dr. Torrey's method provides a welcome and satisfactory emendation of a text which perplexes both by its form and by its apparent meaning. 'And by faith in his name hath his name made this man strong . . . yea, the faith which is through him hath given him this perfect soundness before you all.' Apart from the 'intolerably awkward and confused' character of the Greek, there seems to be a double and inconsistent explanation of the cure; it is ascribed on the one hand to 'the faith which is through Jesus,' and on the other to a certain quasi-magical power in the name of Jesus. On retranslation, however, a sentence is disclosed 'in which very slight alterations in the pointing give a much more satisfactory form to the statement: 'And by faith in his name he hath made strong this man.' Similarly on 11²⁷ the suggestion is welcome and probable that the word οἰκουμένη, which has given rise to much learned discussion, stands for the Aramaic word which means equally 'earth' and 'land'; and that the author of this document, writing in Jerusalem, followed the time-honoured usage in calling Judea simply 'the land.' Obviously, however, this theory of translation from the Aramaic must await the judgment of competent

scholars of that language, of whom we have but few. Those who are interested will be well advised to look out for an early number of the *Journal of Theological Studies*.

These crucial cases are followed by a large number of minor examples drawn from cc. 1-15³⁵, at which point the writer finds the conclusion of the Aramaic source. From the way in which v.³⁶ dovetails into v.³⁵ he infers that in what follows (where the character of the language changes completely) Luke composed his narrative as a continuation of the original document; and confirms his opinion by a very interesting explanation of the discrepancy between 15³³ and 15³⁶.⁴⁰ as to the movements of Silas. 'Luke did not believe that Silas returned to Jerusalem as narrated in 15³³, but rather that he remained at Antioch until the time that he set out with Paul on the missionary journey. It would have been easy to omit v.³³, or to add a harmonizing statement, as some less scrupulous editor of the text has actually done in v.³⁴, which is now omitted from all critical editions. But Luke, as usual, gave his source the word, and would not falsify it' (p. 41, cf. p. 68).

The remoter consequences of this theory, if it could be established, are obvious, and of obvious importance. Torrey 'conjectures that the document came into Luke's hands either when Paul was in prison in Cæsarea, during which time Luke was very likely in Palestine, or—even more probably—after his arrival in Rome in the year 62.' He finds himself confronted, of course, by the same objections which have been felt by many who for different reasons have been inclined to set an early date for Acts. In particular, the Third Gospel must then have been written before 62, and Mark, at least one form of it, even earlier than that. But it has long been widely held as almost axiomatic that Luke's version of the apocalyptic discourse points indubitably to a date subsequent to the Fall of Jerusalem, and further that there is evidence of Luke's dependence upon Josephus, which must bring the date of the Gospel down to *circa* A.D. 92.

Both these points are vigorously dealt with by Dr. Torrey. On the first, after an examination of Lk 21²⁰⁻²⁴, he claims that 'every particle of Luke's prediction not provided by Mark was furnished by familiar and oft-quoted Old Testament passages. It is therefore obviously not permissible to call Luke 21²⁰⁻²⁴ a *vaticinium ex eventu*, and it cannot be

cited as throwing light on the date of the Gospel.' On the second point the writer maintains that Luke's mistake about Theudas-Judas has not been derived from Josephus, where the correct account is given, but from some earlier document. 'Any history dealing with this period would have been pretty certain to mention Theudas and Judas at this point, and in this order, although the revolt under Judas really happened much earlier. From some history of the kind, in which the facts were not clearly stated, the author of Luke's Aramaic source obtained his wrong impression of the order of events.' This is, no doubt, a tenable explanation of the obvious reversal of the dates of Judas and Theudas, but Dr. Torrey appears to overlook the further difficulty that the revolt of Theudas must have taken place, according to Josephus, not earlier than A.D. 44, that is to say, some ten years later than the date of Gamaliel's speech. The 'literary device' whereby such speeches were written up by the narrator would need to be credited to the Aramaic author as it has been credited to Luke.

In the course of a discussion on the homogeneity of Acts, Dr. Torrey takes occasion to deal with the theories advanced by Norden in his *Agnostos Theos*, a work whose history provides a striking illustration of the somewhat hasty homage often paid to a famous scholar who enters another field than his own. The result is a piece of unusually trenchant and conclusive criticism, which should make future writers chary of appealing to Norden's authority in the matter. 'It is a pity that a work of such learning as the *Agnostos Theos* should be so marred by inaccurate statements and loose reasoning, especially when the problem in hand is such an important one.'

This very interesting contribution by Dr. Torrey to the problem of the Acts has hitherto met with much less attention in Britain than in America. There it has already given rise to widespread discussion. Among articles to be noted are those by Dr. B. W. Bacon in the *American Journal of Theology* (1918), by Dr. Foakes-Jackson in the *Harvard Theological Review* for 1917 (critical), and by Dr. W. J. Wilson in the same *Review* for October 1918. Wilson accepts Torrey's main con-

¹ Not otherwise Dr. Lake. 'It has usually been assumed that the date must be posterior to the Fall of Jerusalem in A.D. 70, but it is doubtful whether there are really any satisfactory proofs that this was the case' (*D.A.C.* i. 20).

clusions, and gives further illustrations of their application to the exegesis of the text. He also deals with the question of sources rather than a source for these chapters, in connexion with which Torrey's theory is likely to be criticized. He concludes that 'if the whole of Acts 1-15⁸⁵ has been taken over literally from a single Aramaic document, then all the arguments based on the arrangement, structure, and arrangement of material remain as they were before.'

In the *American Journal of Theology*, of January 1919, will be found a further article by Professor Torrey, in which he deals with these criticisms, and widens out his study of the Acts into an interesting examination of some of the presuppositions which have for many years past governed much treatment

of the subject. Here again he does good service in pricking a number of hypercritical bubbles. He makes great fun of the suggestion that because Luke was Paul's friend and companion in travel he must have shared his views. 'It would be quite possible, on the evidence of our sources, to argue that Luke had some distaste, not only for theology in general, but also for Paul's in particular.' For the verdict on his main contention as to the Aramaic origin of Acts 1-15 we must wait until the experts in that language have said their say; meanwhile, so cautious a scholar as B. W. Bacon gives his opinion that 'Torrey's earlier demonstration (the term is not too strong) is now supplemented by equally cogent proof that Acts 1-15⁸⁵ is a translation from the Aramaic.'

In the Study.

Virginibus Puerisque.

Birthdays of Good Men and Women.

'The way of the just is uprightness.'—Pr 26⁷.

NATIONS, like boys and girls, become united through admiring and loving the same people. Sometimes they only discover their mutual love when the loved one dies. We were friends with America before she came to help us in the Great War. We not only thought of her as a near relative, we had shaken hands over the grave of President Lincoln.

1. It is about this great man I want to speak to you. He was so great that it is difficult to say the things that will give you anything like a true estimate of him.

He was born in Harden County, Kentucky, on the 9th of February 1809. His home was a rough cabin made of logs and clay, with a bed, a few three-legged stools, a log table, a pot, a kettle, and a few tin cooking vessels, for furniture.

The mother was a remarkable woman. She was delicate, rather sad, and very sensitive, but a heroine in her own way. She was a God-fearing woman, and exercised a great influence over her boy Abe, as he was called. Unfortunately she died when he was only nine.

You can remember things that happened when you were that age, can't you? Abe never forgot his mother. Rough and ungainly he turned out

to be when he was a grown lad, but his heart was soft and tender. Long afterwards, when he had become President of the United States, he said, 'All that I am, or ever hope to be, I owe to my sainted mother.'

Abe gathered a little library together in the log cabin. The books in it were *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *The Life of Washington*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and the *Bible*—a capital selection, surely. He learned to write by taking pieces of burnt sticks from the fire, and practising on the end of chopped logs. But he was very full of mischief. A neighbour for whom he did odd jobs said Abe was 'lazy, very lazy.' He was always reading, scribbling, and such like.' And Abe himself knew that he was lazy. One can tell that from what he once wrote in a copy-book:

Abraham Lincoln, his hand and pen,
He will be good, but God knows when.

2. One day he heard a long word of which he did not know the meaning. It was the word 'demonstrate.' He went to a boy friend and asked him the meaning of it. The boy said he did not know, but he had seen it in a book called Euclid. Well, Abe succeeded in getting a copy of the book, and committed the whole of it to memory. You boys and girls may know nothing of Euclid, but those who had their schooldays

twenty or thirty years ago will understand how a knowledge of Euclid helped Lincoln to be clear and convincing in his statements, to be, in fact, logical.

All the time there was deep down in Abraham Lincoln's heart the desire to love and serve God. His mother had striven to foster this desire when he was a little boy. She taught him that God was always near, seeing him, and loving him, even when he did wrong. He made promises in those days—promises to God and to his mother that he would be good, and strive to serve the Master she served and loved. When he was quite a man and had taken up the question of Temperance Reform in America, he said, 'I made a solemn promise to my mother before her death that I would never use intoxicating drink as a beverage, and I consider that pledge as binding to-day as it was the day I gave it.'

But Abraham Lincoln found he could not keep his promises without prayer. With his sense of right, united to his great ability, he would have been a strong man among his fellows; but when in his difficulties he felt his own weakness and took refuge in praying to his Heavenly Father, he became Abraham Lincoln the great Christian.

3. He had to travel a long and rough road between the log cabin and the President's chair. He lived the life of a labouring man; became clerk, storekeeper, advocate, senator in succession, and then President. How slavery came to be abolished during his term of office is a long story. It is difficult indeed to say when he first came into contact with it. But we are told that when on a trip down the Mississippi he witnessed some of its horrors, 'he was silent, and looked very bad.' At another time he attended a slave market. Turning to his companions beside him, he said, 'Boys, let us get away from this. If ever I get a chance to hit that thing I will hit it hard.' And he did.

He had to fight not only the wrong itself, but the crooked ways of some of his opponents. 'Douglas does not care whether slavery is voted, up or down,' said Lincoln, 'but God cares, Humanity cares, and I care, and by God's help I shall not fail.'

When he spoke in public on the subject he said the sort of thing that went home. Clever and sane men would yield to his influence, swayed by his eloquence like corn in the wind. He could do anything with his audience. They would get up and yell and cheer like wild Indians. Listen,

boys and girls, to the closing words of one of his great speeches. I know you will understand them, for you have had the education of the Great War. 'Neither let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened from it by menaces of destruction to the Government, nor of dungeons to ourselves. *Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith, let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.*'¹

When his hour of triumph came and the slave was made free, Abraham Lincoln, America's greatest President, fell by the hand of the assassin. But his spirit still lives—'his soul goes marching on.'

The common people especially had loved him. They mourned him as a father. To the negroes his passing was a great blow. 'Massa,' said an old darkey who was a barber, 'I can't shave you this morning. I dun know jes' what it is, but somethin' has gone wrong with Massa Linkum.' And war-worn veterans of the great Civil War broke down and sobbed like children when they learned that their great captain was dead.

In the midst of a great tumult in New York—50,000 men were in the streets—a voice rang out 'Fellow citizens! Clouds and darkness are round about Him. His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the sky. Justice and judgment are the habitations of His throne. Fellow citizens! God reigns.'

So the torch of Lincoln was passed on, for the speaker was General Garfield, who afterwards became President.

And you boys and girls can endeavour to do your part in the world as he did his, by making one of his great mottoes yours:

I am nothing, but truth is everything.

Child of the boundless prairie, son of the virgin soil,

Heir to the bearing of burdens, brother to them that toil;

God and nature together shaped him to lead in the van,

In the stress of her wildest weather, when the Nation needed a Man.

Swift slip the years from their tether, centuries pass like a breath,

Only some lives are immortal, challenging darkness and death.

¹ J. A. Sharp, *Abraham Lincoln*, 106.

Hewn from the stuff of the martyrs, write on the star-dust his name,
Glowing, untarnished, transcendent, high on the records of Fame.¹

Mirrors.

'A mirror.'—James 1²³.

The text to-day is one you all know. Perhaps the girls know it better than the boys, but I think the boys may have seen something like it occasionally. The girls use it to help them tie up their curls and put their hats on straight, the boys to flash light in somebody's face on a sunny day. Well now, I have almost told you the name of it. Yes, it is a mirror.

You will find the text in the first chapter of James, the twenty-third verse. The mirrors St. James knew were not very like ours. In those days they had no glass mirrors such as we have. Instead they used thin plates of polished metal. Generally these were of bronze, but some of the finest were of silver. You may imagine it was not quite so easy to get a clear reflexion of yourself in one of these as in the nice glass mirrors you have at home.

1. Now we all carry a mirror about with us—you, and I, and everybody else. It is called the mirror of the soul; and in that mirror we receive the reflexion of the things and the people and the happenings with which we are surrounded. We may not realize that we are carrying these reflexions, but other people see them in us. If you are very much in a friend's company you begin to adopt his way of speaking, his little tricks of manner, his habits, and thoughts, and ideas. Very likely you are not aware of it, but other people notice it.

Once the errand boys in a certain part of London began to whistle out of tune. At last somebody discovered that the bells of Westminster were slightly out of tune. Something had gone wrong with the chimes and there was discord in them. The boys did not know there was anything the matter with the peals and quite unconsciously they had copied them. And so you will copy the people you are most with, and you will borrow your thoughts very much from the books you read—almost without knowing it.

So you see it matters very much what kind of

company we keep, and what kind of books we read, and what kind of games we play. And the strange thing about these magic mirrors of ours is that the younger we are the brighter they are, and the clearer and stronger are the reflexions. Therefore where we take our mirrors matters much more when we are young than when we are older. Let us try to carry them always where they will reflect the things that are beautiful and true. For the things they once reflect they go on reflecting to the last.

2. But when we are thinking about our own mirrors we must remember that other people are carrying mirrors too, and as we cannot help receiving reflexions in our mirrors, so we cannot help casting reflexions in theirs. We cannot help influencing other people any more than they can help influencing us. Your younger brothers and sisters, your companions at school, even your fathers and mothers are carrying your reflexions every day. Do you know the sad story of the small boy who lost the naughty word. Here it is as told by himself:

I lost a very little word
Only the other day;
A very naughty little word
I had not meant to say.
If only it were really lost,
I should not mind a bit;
I think I should deserve a prize
For really losing it.

But then it wasn't really lost
When from my lips it flew;
My little brother picked it up,
And now he says it too.
Mamma said that the worst would be
I could not get it back;
But the worst of it now seems to me
I'm always on its track.

Mamma is sad; papa looks grieved;
Johnnie has said it twice:
Of course it is no use for me
To tell him it's not nice.
When you lose other things, they're lost:
But lose a naughty word,
And for every time 'twas heard before
Now twenty times 'tis heard.

¹ M. E. Sangster.

If it were only really lost,
 Oh, then I should be glad;
 I let it fall so carelessly
 The day that I got mad.
 Lose other things, you never seem
 To come upon their track;
 But lose a naughty little word,
 It's always coming back.

Whether we like it or not other people pick up our words and our ways and copy them. What kind of reflexion are you casting?

3. Most boys and girls have heard of radium and some of them may have seen it. Radium is a marvellous element that has been discovered within very recent years. It produces heat and light, and its rays of light are so strong that they can penetrate quite easily through steel or other metals. One of the most wonderful things about the light of radium is that it is reflective. If you shut up a small quantity of radium in a card-board box for a short time and then take it out, the box will continue to give forth rays of radium for some weeks.

Now there is one place we must not forget to take our mirrors, and that is into the presence of Jesus the Light of the World. If we take them to Him, He will shine upon them with a perfect radiance. Then we shall reflect that light, and help to bring brightness and gladness into the world.

How to be Sorry.

'Rend your heart, and not your garments.'—Joel 2¹³.

'Rend your heart, and not your garments.' That sounds strange advice! Some of you know plenty about rending your garments, and I expect mother knows more than plenty about mending them. But that doesn't explain the text. What did the prophet Joel mean when he advised people to tear their hearts, and not their clothes?

Well, in the East they have lots of customs which we think strange, just as in the West we have lots of customs which an Eastern would consider strange. One of these ancient customs was to tear or rend the clothes to show grief, horror, or dismay. It must have been rather an expensive way of showing grief, you think. Yes, it does sound rather wasteful to our ears, but then we look at things with different eyes, and to the

Jews it was a way of proving how deeply they were moved.

Then, if it was a usual custom to show grief in this way, why did the prophet tell the people to rend their heart instead of their garments? And what did he mean by 'rending their hearts'? To understand we must go back a little.

The people of Judah to whom the prophet spoke had been going through a terrible experience. They had been visited by a plague of locusts, and the corn and the vines and the fruit-trees had been eaten bare, so that there was left no food for either man or beast. To add to the horror of it all a drought had accompanied the plague, and the rivers had dried up and the ground had become burnt like a brick. It was very terrible: but Joel told the people of Judah that they deserved it all. God had sent the plague and the drought to punish them for their sins. And Joel pleaded with them to repent of these sins—not merely outwardly, by rending their garments as a sign of grief, but inwardly, by being sorry in their hearts. He urged them to turn to God with penitent hearts, and God, he said, would pardon their sins, and perhaps remove the plague.

It seems to me that often when we say we are sorry we are merely rending our garments instead of our hearts. We are sorry to all outward appearance, but we don't care a bit at heart. We say, 'Oh, sorry!' in an off-hand sort of way, and we are really anything but sorry.

Once I knew a little girl whose elder sister had snatched away from her her favourite doll. She was a fond mother, and she didn't stop to argue the matter. She hit her sister a hard blow, and nurse caught her doing it. Nurse didn't ask who was to blame, she vigorously shook the doll's mother, set her in the corner with her face to the wall, and told her to stay there till she was sorry. Half an hour passed and nurse asked if she were sorry now. 'No!' was the decided reply, 'I'm not.' At the end of another half-hour nurse repeated the question, and still dolly's mama said 'No.' 'Ah, well!' said nurse, 'if you won't apologize, and say you are sorry, you must just remain where you are.' 'Oh!' said the mite, 'I'll say, *I'm pologize*, if you like, but I won't say *I'm sorry*, for I'm still glad I did it.'

That little woman was perfectly sincere and truthful. She knew the difference between *saying*, *she was sorry*, and *feeling sorry*, and she would not

ell a lie even to get out of an uncomfortable corner. She wouldn't pretend what she didn't feel.

I'm afraid many people are content with pretending. But I don't want you to be one of those. I want you to be sorry with your heart as well as with your tongue. Being sorry with the tongue is only 'rending the garment,' but being sorry with the heart is 'rending the heart.'

Now I think you'll find that what we mostly have to be sorry for is one of two things: either saying or doing something to wound another, or persisting in some bad habit or fault.

1. *We have to be sorry for hurting some one.* How are we to be heart sorry for that? We are heart sorry when we not only apologize for the wrong but try to make up for it in some way, try to pay back in kindness an unkindness. Grown-up people call this 'reparation,' and it is a good name, for it means repairing as far as possible the damage you have done. 'And don't be content with a little reparation. Try how big a one you can make.'

2. *We have to be heart sorry for our bad habits,* such as laziness or untruthfulness or selfishness or hot temper—any fault, in fact, that we know is wrong and yet persist in. And how are we to be sorry for a bad habit? Why, by stopping it! It's no use feeling a pang of sorrow at the moment and saying, 'I'll not do it again,' and then doing it the very next opportunity.

A gentleman once asked in a Sunday School in America what was meant by the word 'repentance.' A little boy raised his hand, 'Please, sir, being sorry for your sins.' A little girl also raised her hand. 'Well,' said the gentleman turning to her, 'what do you say?' 'Please, sir, it's being sorry enough to quit.'

Yes, that's it! Repentance is being sorry enough to quit, to stop doing the wrong, and to try with all your might and main never to do it again.

I won't promise you that it will be easy. In fact, I can tell you that it will often be extremely difficult. But then the difficult things in life are the things best worth doing. And I'll tell you this for your encouragement—the oftener you succeed, the easier you'll find it. So brace yourself, and go ahead.

The Christian Year.

QUINQUAGESIMA.

Emotion.

'They lifted up their voice and wept again, and Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth clave unto her.'—Ruth 1¹⁴.

There is a contrast between these girls. Both of them wept, for they had come to an end, and the chapter which was closing had brought marriage to them, and love, and hope, and bitter loss. Orpah kissed Naomi, for a girl likes to be kind, and the older woman had been a friend; yet having kissed her, she turned her face towards Moab.

If we widen out the question beyond the single case, we may recognize in the story two types of religion, of which only one has any value. Confessedly others than Orpah remain outside, mere Moabites to the end, whilst Ruth and hosts of companions with exactly the same amount of native disability are found within—and gloriously within. What accounts for so sharp a contrast? Both women were moved, but Orpah had nothing else than emotion, which expended itself in tears and embraces, whilst in Ruth the emotion had energy enough to carry her life and will along with it. Jesus warns us that 'not every one who saith Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven': like Orpah, it may be with a tearful face they turn away, and yet they remain outside. And what excludes them is not some churlishness or narrowness in God, it is the lack of serious purpose in themselves; for a will and hunger after God will open any door, it will master any exclusion.

The difference may become clearer as we study these types.

1. There is a kind of *religion which, practically, is without emotion.* Of this we have no example in the story, though in the world it is exceedingly common. Those who content themselves with it are often sober and diligent men, loyal to their word and faithful to their wives, and not forgetful of their Church. But in their religion there is no uplifting power; it is of the earth, and is fitted for inhabitants of this world. But the kingdom of God, as Jesus preached it, is more than a kingdom of virtuous earth; in its beginnings, it was the creation of His love and passion, and it was offered

to men, without condition, as to immortal creatures who have the larger part of their existence beyond the confines of this world. If we are to be citizens of it, we must have wings to lift us, that we may look down on life as He did, viewing its concerns *sub specie aeternitatis*, as they appear from the standpoint of eternity. Matthew Arnold defined religion as 'morality touched with emotion,' thus acknowledging that an element of this sort is indispensable; but the morality is not only touched with emotion, it is coloured and made glorious by it. And if in any man religion attains its end, that must be because it is inhabited by love and wonder, and the desire of things above.

2. There is a religion which is mere emotion. This is Orpah's type, in which what is lacking is will and persistence. Many people do not realize the shallowness of their own feeling. They 'pay themselves with words,' as the French say, finding a becoming phrase so satisfying that they ask for nothing more. In a sense, we all know that words are no sufficient indication of feeling. Goneril and Regan, King Lear's heartless daughters, were profuse in their professions of devotion, whilst Cordelia, who was willing to give her life for her father, was utterly awkward and stinted in speech:

I cannot heave

My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond, nor more nor less.

We do not need Shakespeare to tell us this; and yet in religion, and even in social life, we continue to delude ourselves, accepting the passing sentiment or the fit expression of it as if it were a full discharge of every debt. Jesus warns men that it is possible to come to the end of life with that delusion still unbroken: 'Have we not preached in Thy name, and in Thy name cast out devils, and in Thy name done many wonderful works?' And the claim is not disputed, for emotion, while it lasts, may carry people far: yet the answer is given from the Throne, 'I never knew you,' and thus they are outsiders still. What is most pitiful is that a man may, by his emotion, awaken a lasting interest in others and yet lose it in himself. 'The match which kindled the fire in the morning lies half consumed on the ribs in the afternoon': the fire of faith and love burns on in other hearts, when in the man himself it has

died out. Having preached to others, he becomes a castaway.

Richard Steele, the essayist, wrote one morning to his wife after a racking night, 'Dear Prue, sober or not I am ever yours, R. S.,' and there is no doubt that, for the moment, he meant what he said. But the fact was that sober or not, he was not ever hers. He might return to her, but it required no very commanding interest to catch his mind away elsewhere, whilst poor Prue had to wait suspicious and indignant at home. A great deal of religion is of this quality, fugitive and volatile: 'O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee?' cries God, 'for thy goodness is like the morning mist which quickly disappears'; and we cannot wonder that it should remain without effect.

3. But there is also a religion compact of emotion and purpose. This is Ruth's type, and to it all barriers are withdrawn, and the outcast passes in unchallenged to take her place with the family of God. Ruth can have known little of what lay in front of her. If she spoke Hebrew, it was no doubt stumbingly and with an accent; and in all the peculiarities of Hebrew life and usage which parted Bethlehem from Moab she would blunder often and have to make appeal for patience. Most of all, in religion and its practices she was barely at the threshold, only she had a mind that took her past the threshold and prepared her for anything that might be involved in being Hebrew now and not Moabite. And that steady casting of her vote on the nobler side secured her entrance, and, in God's mercy, it secures an entrance still.

To those who are halting at the door, well inclined to Christ's way, and yet undecided, and to those within the door whose task it should be to welcome and encourage, there is admonition even in the minor detail of the story. It is fine to see how promptly Ruth was taken at her word and not held in some middle stage of probation. In Israel the name of Moabite was a grave burden of disadvantage, and odious tales were told of the origin of the tribes which sprang from Lot. But nothing of this suspicion and dislike appears in the talk of the village gossips. 'All the town knoweth that thou art a virtuous woman' (iii. 11) was their report of her, and to Naomi they said (iv. 15), 'Thy daughter-in-law, which loveth thee, is better to thee than seven sons.' It is very pretty. In that jealously exclusive people she was not kept at arm's length; and in their tradition she sits enthroned, though she was born an outcast beyond recovery. She is a mother in Israel, mother of David, mother of Jesus the Christ, so gloriously has she entered within the pale, because with heart and will she sought for it.¹

¹ W. M. Macgregor, *Repentance unto Life*, 196.

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

Offences.

'Woe unto the world because of occasions of stumbling! for it must needs be that the occasions come; but woe to that man through whom the occasion cometh! And if thy hand or thy foot causeth thee to stumble, cut it off, and cast it from thee: it is good for thee to enter into life maimed or halt, rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into the eternal fire. And if thine eye causeth thee to stumble, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: it is good for thee to enter into life with one eye, rather than having two eyes to be cast into the hell of fire.'—Mt 18⁷⁻⁹.

The injunctions of our Saviour in regard to self-sacrifice are not difficult to understand if people approach them intelligently. Those who know Christ are confident that He did not advocate self-mutilation for its own sake or preach the impoverishment of life. If ever Christ asks men to deny themselves it is in order that more completely their true nature may be enlarged. If ever He bids men to 'cut off' or 'pluck out' a faculty, it is not for useless sacrifice, but in order that the main ends of life may be secured. It is manifest that the three dangers of the soul to which our Lord made reference in this passage of St. Matthew's Gospel are inimical to the main ends of life.

1. 'The offence of the hand' to which our Lord drew attention may be described in less pictorial phrase as *over-practicalness*. It can hardly be questioned that the finer elements of human nature are constantly subject to harm from the excessive development of practical activity. Man's destiny is to labour, and the curse on Cain was probably a blessing. But man was made for something more than labour. If a merchant tells you that he has been so absorbed with business that the worry of it has been with him from morning to night, and he has had no time for reading or thoughtfulness, or even for the society of his family, and on Sundays he has been too tired to go to church, and has spent most of the day in bed, you can hardly help asking him, Is it worth while? Does it pay? Would you not be better to 'cut off' some of this activity and try to be your own man and, as the French say, 'make your soul'? If one meets a woman whose life is one long harassing anxiety over domestic cares and housekeeping and social duties, it is permissible to ask, Were you made for that? Surely intelligence was not given merely to be starved, and a woman's nature is too finely dowered if she was intended only to be a frivolous

plaything or a domestic drudge. Powers of reason and imagination and feeling and insight and faith and hope and love seem wasted on the man or woman who is only a machine. A man has more to do than conduct his business. A woman has more to do than to look after her home and her children. They have minds to cultivate, affections to develop, character to train for heaven.

'You were always a good man of business,' said Scrooge to the Ghost in Dickens' *Christmas Books*. 'Business!' cried the Ghost, 'mankind was my business, the common welfare was my business; the dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business.' If a man does not learn that sooner, he learns it when he comes to die.

2. Our Lord proceeded to indicate another risk of the highest life. He called it 'the offence of the foot'—a hard ambition and the determination at all hazards to 'get on.' Of course the opposite extreme of sluggishness finds no countenance in our Lord's teaching: it is severely rebuked by the Parable of the Talents, in which the man who kept his one talent in a napkin was denounced as a 'wicked and slothful servant.' In one of Edmund Burke's earliest speeches he explained the motives that animated him in seeking to be elected to the House of Commons: 'I wish to be a member of Parliament and to have my share of doing good and resisting evil.' That was surely a noble ambition, and there is a glow of fire in Disraeli's appeal to an audience of young men at Manchester: 'Young men, I bid you to aspire.' Legitimate anxiety for advancement, especially when the motive is service rather than personal distinction, is nowhere discouraged by the Word of God. 'If a man desire the office of a bishop,' said St. Paul, 'he desireth a good work.' Such forecasts of the future in hope and emulation are the spring of youthful enterprise. The dream of 'getting on' is an innocent and stimulating dream. But there can be no worse enemy of the finer qualities of the nature than a fierce and self-regarding ambition. The man whose every action is prompted by a far-sighted vision of his own advantage or promotion: the woman to whom social position and the acquaintance of people of rank and fashion are more important than old friendships or simple kindly offices of affection—they are bartering the best of life for an unholy worship of success. The climbers, the jostlers, the greedy claimants of place and honour, are among the most contemptible of

mankind. It is they to whom our Lord referred when He spoke of the offence of the foot. 'Cut it off,' was His sharp, swift remedy.

If ambition is hardening your heart, get rid of the ambition. 'By that sin,' said Cardinal Wolsey, 'fell the angels; how can man, then, the image of his Maker, hope to win by it?' Courtesy loses all its charm if it is suspected that a man is only courteous because he is afraid of making an enemy or losing a possible helper in his upward career. Sympathy and kindness are discounted if a sinister motive of prospective gain is discovered behind them. All the sweet wells of life are poisoned by undue ambition. The truth is that no honour worth having is worth seeking. If distinction and the regard of our fellows and the outward rewards of diligent public service do not come to a man as a spontaneous tribute of his fellow-citizens or fellow-Churchmen to disinterested merit, they lose whatever value they might contain.

3. The third sin of which our Lord spoke might be given the colloquial name of *Knowingness*. It is the offence of the man whose eyes are so sharp that he detects the flaws in every honourable character and the unworthy motives below every virtuous act. 'I am nothing,' said Iago, one of the most villainous characters in all literature, 'if I am not critical.' 'Every man has his price,' said the English politician, Walpole. 'Every woman is at heart a rake,' said Byron. That is the judgment on human nature which the very clever observers make. It is the offence of the eye. 'Once, when I was young,' such a man would tell you, 'I was simple and gullible. I believed in disinterested friendship and a pure passion of love. I was credulous enough to fancy that people might like me for myself, and might serve me without dreaming of a return. I know better now. David said in his haste that "all men are liars." I am ready to repeat it at my leisure.' Such is the unholy verdict of the man with the sharp eyes. In his judgment there is an unworthy motive under every apparently generous deed: mere prejudice under patriotism; vanity under benevolence; a selfish pride of possession under a woman's virtue; the hope of heaven even under a pretended love to God. It is just about the worst sign of any man that he should come to think and speak like that. Indeed, it is the devil's sin. For what does the word 'devil,' 'diabolus,' mean but the accuser—the slanderer of God and man?

It is recorded of our Lord Jesus that 'He knew what was in man.' Man's true nature was visible to Him. But there were no words of scorn on those tender lips; no 'fierce indignation' tore His heart as it tore the gloomy heart of the satirist Swift. The eye was gentle with which the Lord Jesus

looked on the men and women of His day. He knew how much of divine potentiality lay behind those imperfect lives. And let a sorrow come to us, and we too are amazed to discover how kind people can be, how warm are hearts that we had fancied frigid and self-contained. Let us really need friendship at a pinch, and all that is best in the people we know leaps up to the requirement. Is a kindly judgement or the scorn of the satirist the truer estimate of human worth? If thine eye, O clever man of the world, be thus offending thee—if you who boast about having seen life (though it is really death you have seen) have no longer a generous estimate of your fellows and no longer a belief in friendship or love—bethink you that you are mistaken. You are not ungenerous only, you are unjust. Pluck out that eye of knowingness—that clever, cynical, devilish spirit of mistrust. Learn to be like your Lord again, the Lord of love; and pray for the spirit of a little child.¹

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

Ashes.

'To give unto them beauty for ashes.'—Is 61⁸.

In the Gospel according to Isaiah, there are many metaphors of striking beauty and prophetic tenderness; among them there is not one more arresting and appealing than the lovely little sentence which forms the text. It opens up a symbolism as rich as it is tender, full of instruction, and leading to the very heart of the Eternal. If we find the meaning of the words, we shall get close to the sheltering wounds of the Son of God, and feel the throb of the Infinite love.

In the Old Testament ashes represent four things.

1. First, and perhaps most of all, they are the symbol of human frailty. You remember the sentence which Abraham used in speaking to God, 'I am but dust and ashes.' In those words he spoke for the race. There is a frailty from which there is no escape, and of which there is no conquering. In the service by the grave, in the words of committal there is the phrase, 'ashes to ashes.' It is fitly used as a confession of weakness. Man's greatness at times seems to march to the very heavens; he rises as on eagle wings into the white light of the throne; yet his frailty makes him akin to the ashes and the dust. His thought soars upwards and onwards: it knows no bounds. It explores the unknown, yet by his frailty he is bound as by a chain. So many links of liberty—and then no more. Our frailty holds us at every point, while we know something of greatness and glory.

¹ R. H. Fisher, *The Outside of the Inside*.

we are conscious of the ashes—the final symbol of life, ashes blown by the winds into little heaps to be scattered again. We sometimes think we are strong as the gods, but a sudden twinge of pain tells the story of our frailty.

2. The symbol stands for humiliation. Mordecai, in the Book of Esther, is represented sitting in the gate, humbled, brought down to the dust. When he approached the Queen he went in ashes, and Esther took upon herself the symbols of humiliation. Jonah speaks to the disappointed monarch, sitting amid the ashes. We read of the kings who placed ashes upon their heads to depict that they had been brought low. Humiliation is not now indicated by the same symbols. We do not publish our defeat as men used to do, but it is none the less real. No man thinks deeply without frequently being humbled, and made to realize the humiliation of his limitations. We see so far, and beyond there is the mist, through which no eye can carry us. The feeling that throbs in one's heart craves expression. The little child on mother's bosom seeks in some way to acknowledge the caress that is so soft and sweet, but the little one has no language except a croon or a crow that is without intelligence. Mother's heart may interpret it, but it has no place in the dictionary. Our speech at its best is an attempt to express the inexpressible. We do not get beyond the crooning and crowing. When all has been said, we are conscious that we have not quite expressed what we felt. You never said your best things; you never will; and the consciousness of failure is humiliation.

3. The ashes symbolized in the Old Testament grief. Job, when he could not cry any more, sat down amid the ashes. It told the tale of his sorrow that was too great for words. The women who had lost everything sprinkled ashes on the threshold of the home. They told of the desolation and the emptiness within. The home had become a prison; the presence which was the light of love had gone; the music had died away in silence. Death had swallowed up life, and the ashes interpreted the grief.

Anne Brontë tells the story of a broken heart in some lines of a hymn. Anne was the sister who tried to keep a smiling face, though the pain was always in her limbs. She brought gladness to the heart of her clever sister Charlotte. While her limbs were so contracted, and hands so deformed that she could scarcely hold a pen, she wrote those words:

I hoped that with the brave and strong,
My portioned task might lie:
To toil amid the busy throng,
With purpose pure and high:
But God has fixed another part,
And He has fixed it well:
I said so with my breaking heart,
When first this trouble fell.

They ought not to be sung. They are the agonized cry of the soul, the symbol of grief.¹

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

Beauty.

'Beauty for ashes.'—Is 61³.

In the Revised Version of the Scriptures, the word 'beauty' gives place to the word 'garland.' George Adam Smith translates it by the term 'crown.' They are all near the truth, but do not quite express it. It has beauty as a garland of flowers, and the garland represents the crown or, better, the flowers about the head of the one in authority. In 1 Ch 20², there is the story of David coming back with a garland upon his head, with the crown, the beauty that marked him as the victor, as the man of power in battle. He was acclaimed the one in authority. Power was in his hands; he wore the garland; upon him rested the beauty. Paul speaks of the believers who were his joy, his crown—the garland representative of gladness. In the Roman feasts every guest wore a twist of flowers about the head. When Caesar called the guests to his table, the first thing was to place a garland upon each as the sign of joy and festivity. God gives a garland of gladness. He makes our hearts joyful by His presence. The normal note of the Christian life is joy. It is just as much a command to 'Rejoice in the Lord' as 'Thou shalt not steal.' Beauty stands for reward. In 1 Cor 9²⁴, St. Paul speaks of those who run to obtain the crown. He speaks of the incorruptible crown that is laid up for those who follow the Christ and are faithful. In the Book of Revelation there is frequent use of the crown as the symbol of final victory. Let us see a message in the metaphor.

1. We are all conscious of our weakness. This is the glad tidings, that God gives power to the frail. There is weakness that is the prophecy of strength, a frailty that is the indication of a greater power than that born of our common nature. God

¹ J. C. Carlile, *Vision and Vocation*, 174.

is might, and worketh in us mightily to accomplish His will. It is 'not by might or by power, but by my Spirit,' saith the Lord. There comes a time when all our human force can avail nothing, and we turn not to knock or seek, but to ask, and we receive. They that wait upon the Lord shall change their strength. Their strength that was weakness is laid aside, and they receive strength that does not fail. When one realizes the meaning of dust and ashes, one is very near to the Divine secret. The world is greatly indebted to people who were physically weak. One of the paradoxes of life is that so frequently strength is derived from a broken reed—that the strong guiding intellect is in a body so frail that it is hardly capable of effort. The treasure of God is often in earthen vessels, sometimes in broken vessels. There was one who said: 'When I am weak, then I am strong'; he knew the Divine secret.

2. It is a great thing to know the secret place where God gives beauty for ashes. It is hard by the Cross, where love is revealed in suffering. Do not hesitate to bring all your grief to Him. I think He loves to lift the heavy load. It is a great saying of St. Augustine that 'God is happiness; not simply true, but Truth; not only beautiful, but Beauty—and in Him, from Him, and through Him all things are happy and true and lovely which are so at all.' As we enter into communion with the Divine Lord, joy fills the soul, and the outstanding characteristic of the faithful is their deep abounding joy.

I have found a joy in sorrow
A secret balm for pain—

is the experience of those who sincerely seek the upward way. Following Christ is not simply a series of renunciations. It is delight in the practice of His presence. We need not pity the early saints in their trials, terrible as they were. They went through the world with a song in their heart. They had received the Master's gift of joy. As we read their story, its strange note, so unlike the familiar representations of the saints, there is an answering echo in our hearts like the waking of a long-forgotten melody: 'Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through

his poverty might be rich.' There is the treasure of His grace waiting for us: beauty for ashes.

In Canterbury Cathedral there is Beckett's tomb, over which there used to be a shrine to which many pilgrims went. The shrine was approached by a flight of steps. The religious came up upon their knees, following an ancient custom. It sometimes happened that among the pilgrims would be some who walked up the steps, and came boldly to the shrine, but they did not receive the benediction. The old priests were very careful only to give the blessing to those who were upon their knees. The custom may have been nothing more than the growth of a superstition, but it points a moral. The blessing is for the lowly. It will come to us while we are upon our knees. Perhaps God does not use some gifted men because they are not lowly enough. Not many great, not many wise, have been called to the higher stations of service. He delights to take the base things of the earth to confound the mighty, to lift up the lowly, and to give honour to the humble.

3. If it be true that there is no rose without its thorn, it is equally true that there is no thorn without its rose. In grief the sweetest joys are born. The promise does not mean that God will take away the grief and give joy in place of it, but rather that in the very heart of the grief itself there is a joy infinitely greater than sorrow; that in the cup of bitterness there is something else that changes its nature. 'It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.' It is better that the heart should be broken than that it should remain simply a piece of flesh like the heart of an ox; the very wound may be the opening of the fountain of a purer joy and a truer life than was known. Whatever temple success may build, there will always need to be hard by a little Gothic chapel for sorrowing souls.

On the human side, all life ends in defeat. The strongest must come to the dust and ashes at last. No poetry can make the grave other than the grave. It is the place where the defeated are laid out of sight. Life begins with frailty and ends in defeat. If we be not more than human we are less than we suppose. Life goes out in darkness, and the strongest is broken as the surf upon the sea. But thank God it is true that in the place of defeat we may find victory. There is beauty for ashes. Where we see failure, we shall behold success; where we see oblivion, God rings up the curtain. It is not the end, but the opening of another chapter. What in this life is called death, in the life beyond is known as birth; and when we behold it from the other side, we shall not say, 'So-and-so has died,' but 'has been born into life.' That is the message of the metaphor.¹

¹ J. C. Carlile, *Vision and Vocation*.

On Accepting Christ.

By THE REVEREND JOHN A. HUTTON, D.D., GLASGOW.

THE whole idea of accepting Christ rests upon an earlier idea, and that earlier idea may be expressed in some such way as this: Life reduces us all one by one to a position in which, if we are sincere with ourselves, we confess we have failed. It may be that we have erred or transgressed, and the fruits of our transgression have come back upon us overwhelmingly. Or it may be that, face to face with life, we have suddenly become aware of a certain moral weariness which makes the very prospect of days and years tiresome and intolerable. Or it may be that we have found ourselves out in some sinister and treacherous aptitude which honestly makes us afraid. Or it may be that in our thinking about life, about this whole human scene which at best is so ambiguous, so capable of diverse and contrary interpretations, with its mornings and its evenings, with its joys and its sorrows, with its headlong hours and its bitter reactions, with its love and its loss, with its life and its death,—it may be, I say, that the whole aspect of things puzzles and frustrates our will. But, however this sense of defeat and failure, of having been brought to a standstill, may come to us one by one, the New Testament doctrine of accepting Christ seems to myself to rest upon the idea that this sense of failure and defeat has indeed come, and that out of it, in a kind of struggle for our life, for our self-respect, for our sanity, we are now ready without reservation to let Christ help us.

I hold that this is not only a true statement of the New Testament relation between Christ and the human soul; it is also a sound and incontrovertible fact. One comes to Christ never, no matter how early, with a clean sheet, but always with a soul bearing within itself traces, reminiscences, of a moral career. And, at least so it seems to me, and such is my own experience, one comes to Christ with passion and utterly, when in some matter one suddenly perceives that something vital is about to be lost.

I hold that this certainly is the catholic experience of accepting Christ. Recall the great psalms which are fragments of human biography at some unusually acute passage. Recall the crises in the

souls of the great saints, and I think you will always find that something had become no longer tolerable, and out of this intolerable sense the human soul, in weakness and fear and passion, committed itself to some one who could save it.

I know that this is far removed from the attitude which many good and serious people take in our own day. These rather suggest that the spiritual life should begin with a kind of admiration of Jesus, with an acquaintance with what He said and what He did, and how He moved amongst men; whereupon, it is assumed, there will be something about Him, some charm, some appeal to our sensibility, which will draw out our heart towards Him, that we shall be touched by the pathos and dignity of His life, and shall feel ashamed that human beings who share our nature should have compassed His brutal death; and that all this will soften men's hearts and reveal to them a way of meeting their own life and bearing themselves in their own hard hours and in facing in the end of the days their own abrupt passage from this sun-lit world.

Well, these are not days for good people to exaggerate their differences. God prosper every man who loves the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth! All that I am saying is that in the New Testament and in history the first love of Jesus was a theological love of Christ. Those who loved Him and who first died for Him loved Him and died for Him not because of what we moderns call His charm (is there not a verse which the Early Church made much of from Isaiah, 'There is no beauty that we should desire him'?), but because they had come to perceive and, in the case of others, to believe, that in this Jesus was the long answer of God to that cry for relief, for deliverance, for security, which had broken from the great souls of their people in all generations.

And so our fathers made use of a formula which is by no means dead among us, a formula indeed which will never die, for apprehended with sympathy it is seen to embody a bit of imperishable truth; our fathers made use of the formula that there preceded conversion a state of conscience which they called 'conviction of sin.'

For myself, I think that they erred in making *that* the only strait gate and narrow way into the New Jerusalem. They erred perhaps in closing up other gates into the heavenly city each of which is a pearl,—something, that is to say, compounded of a wound and the agony of a wound and the resources in God for the healing of that agony. But they were not wrong in saying that, before one would give himself to Christ with passion and abandonment and great joy, there always was the conviction* that there was no other course. They were wrong, I say, in barricading other gates against pilgrims; because it is not a man's sense of sin only that can bring him to a standstill in this world: but they were not wrong in saying that for every pilgrim the way led on to a narrow place, so narrow that a man standing there is quite alone with God.

This would all seem to mean that in the case of each of us there may be portions of our life long or short in which we are not aware of any discord or uneasiness or fear such as might urge us to seek relief of mind somewhere. And I think that the New Testament admits that there are such flat intervals when the eyes of our soul are closed. But the New Testament is equally sure that times come in every life when, for any one of many reasons, our heart and flesh cry out in some pain or uneasiness or actual fear. Then it is, the New Testament declares, a man must be loyal to himself, must be faithful to the uneasiness of his spirit, must set out in company with that uneasiness towards whatever promises him relief and light; and if such a man has heard of God, of Christ, if he has ever heard that we men are not alone in the world, he must not allow that urgent hour to pass.

'I am the vine; ye are the branches,' said Jesus; and I am sure our Lord intended us to ponder His words, words which were spoken with great gravity and deliberateness. As a branch is grafted into the vine not by bringing it loosely bark to bark, or even binding it with cords; as a branch is grafted on a vine by cutting the branch until it bleeds, and cutting the vine until it bleeds, and as then you press the bleeding branch into the bleeding tree, making them one in a common agony,—so a human life which becomes one with Christ in the New Testament sense, and one for ever, becomes one by an act of faith which is almost an act of desperation, clutching

at Christ by the force of some elementary necessity.

There are two matters which compel us all to deal deeply with ourselves, matters which, unless we accept Christ with regard to them, reduce us to a fear and sadness in which, until it is relieved, we are at a standstill. The one matter is the whole question of the forgiveness of our sins; and the other the whole question of the meaning of this life of ours.

With regard to the former, I know that there is much in the intellectual fashion of our time and in our personal habits which has obscured the reality of that question, and has seemed for the time being to have blunted the edge of conscience; but I refuse to believe that any such dullness and incompetence for moral pain is more than a fashion. Nay, I will maintain that no human soul has always been free of those moral misgivings which in the great souls have cried out.

In order to bring the necessity for forgiveness home to us all with freshness, it may be necessary for us in these days to state the matter somewhat differently. The question with which St. Paul wrestled was, 'How can a man be just before God?' How can God forgive, that is to say, annul and undo, what we men have done against His holy laws? How can God forgive a man who has sinned? And, starting there, St. Paul could end honourably only by accepting the testimony of Jesus that God in Christ had taken upon Himself the sin of man. But perhaps we might bring it all home to ourselves more poignantly were we to put the same matter in another way; for example, in this way: 'How am I to forgive myself? How can I recover my self-respect? How can I deal with the accusations of my own mind?' This is the problem which struggles towards a solution in all the great work of the human soul in literature. It is the problem with which the Greek writers of tragedy wrestled. It is the problem of *Pilgrim's Progress*, and of *The Scarlet Letter*; and, in our day, of all the great literature of Russia. These more modern men can find only this solution: If I have sinned, I have sinned against some one. That some one has borne the stroke or weight of my selfish deed, and, now that I see the shame of my act, there is nothing left for me until the day I die, but to try to make amends to that one or to those whom I have wronged.

must hope for no heaven for myself which they cannot share. If any man hath aught against me, as our Lord put it, I must go and seek him and take him by the hand and share with him till the day I die every blessing life offers me.

But even that, when one looks deeply into it, is no solution, though that indeed is part of the Christian obligation. No: when all is said and done, with regard to those things that are past for which our conscience blames us, we must simply accept Christ. And the only way in which we can get back our sense of self-respect is, if you will, to make a kind of compact with Christ, and say, 'Well, Lord, if I accept from Thee this forgiveness, it can only be on this condition, that henceforward Thou hast the absolute right to control and to order and to possess my life. I am no longer my own; I am Thine, for Thy forgiveness' sake.'

The other matter on which life brings us to a standstill is as to the whole meaning of this world and our part in it. Here also, in the last push of the inquiry, I reach a point where I must accept Christ or reject Him. I may be in doubt as to what I ought to make of life; but Christ was in no doubt as to what He ought to make of life. I may be in doubt as to what it all means; but He was in no doubt as to what it all means. And what makes me a Christian is that I accept Christ: I take Christ's way.

When I say I accept Christ, I think I am beginning more and more to mean that I accept Christ's report and testimony both as to the human soul, its true nature, and as to God, His nature and purpose. When I say to-day I believe in Christ, I do not simply mean I believe that Christ lived; and at the moment I am not meaning that I assent to all the dogmatic propositions about Christ which the Church in her radiant days announced. When I say I believe in Christ, I want to be understood as meaning I believe in all that Christ stood for; I believe in that whole background and context of His Spirit as the sure and only reality. I do not mean by that to say that I see it all clearly; I rather mean that I am going to try to see it clearly. For is this not what we mean when we say we believe in anything? We do not mean that we see the thing which we believe. We do not mean even that the evidence for it is overwhelming. We mean rather that we are going to believe in it, that we are

going to act as though it were incontrovertible to us.

The fact is I am coming more and more to think of my faith as my personal vote which all alone and in the Presence of God I register. Life is a matter on which we must all put down our name on the side of Christ or elsewhere on the paper. A man cannot escape a decision about life; and those who try to keep away from the voting-place are counted very properly as on the other side. Not to vote for Christ is to vote against Him.

I recall an experience, as once upon a time I was returning from New York to Liverpool. We sat one afternoon on board ship, four of us, talking. The other three were Americans, a husband and wife and another man. The conversation began somewhat casually, about American affairs, and was confined to those two American citizens. It took something like this direction: 'Well,' said a man from San Francisco, 'President Roosevelt is making a mess of things, isn't he?' to which the other, a friend of my own from New York, replied, almost casually also, 'I don't see that.' 'Why, are not your securities down five points already?' 'Oh yes,' replied the other, 'I believe some of my securities are down ten points.' 'Well!' said the one. 'Well!' said the other; and added, 'I think that a very small price to pay for the salvation of the country.' 'Oh, I don't go in for that way of talking,' said the first speaker, 'I think if we have the power in our hands we ought to use it for all its worth.' (I should have said that they were both very rich men.) 'But there you run right up against Christ.' 'Oh, I don't think the name of Christ should be brought into this proposition.' 'But I think the Name of Christ should be brought into all the propositions.' And, my friend continued, sitting now well forward in his seat, and speaking with an extraordinary seriousness, with sadness one might say: 'Look here, my young friend,' he said, 'I am an older man than you. I don't mean that I am a better man at all; but, as I have said, I think the Name of Christ should be brought into all the propositions. Men talk to-day as though we were here to do what we like. Now, as I figure it, we are here to do what is right. It's often mighty hard, and it's just there Christ helps me. He helps me to see what's right, and He makes trying to do it seem worth while!'

There was a silence for a few minutes, and afterwards, not unfriendly, the other two left us. I turned to my friend, and—naming him—said, ‘It did me good to hear you say these things. I felt I could not say them. Had I said them, wearing this collar and these clothes, he might have said afterwards, “Oh, that is so much professional talk; that is his job”; but you saying them—it was all wonderful.’ To which, putting his hand deprecatingly upon my knee, and looking as it seemed to me across the waters, he said with a tone of conviction touched with something that sounded like

sadness, but was not sadness, only a firmness and resoluteness of the soul, ‘Well, Doctor, I’m in for Christianity!’ It was as though he had said, ‘The thing may be wrong. I don’t know. But it is right for me. It is the thing that I would like to think is right. That is the kind of world I’d like to feel this world to be. That is the kind of world I’d like to help to make it. I’m in for Christianity!’

That is what an honest man means to-day who accepts Christ. He is in for Christianity; that is to say, he is out for it.

Entre Nous.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

Action.

1. A minister of the parish of Kinneff, in Kincardineshire, was anxious that his son should succeed him. The parishioners had the right of election, and the schoolmaster was induced to do a little canvassing. One farmer refused to vote for the son. ‘What for no?’ said the schoolmaster. ‘Because he cannot preach.’ ‘He cannot preach? *He keeps a good sough going.* What more do you want?’

The farmer wanted more, and so did the majority of the parishioners. But the schoolmaster had a good argument. For did not Demosthenes mean something of that kind when he said that the first thing in oratory was *action*, the second thing *action*, and the third thing *action*?

We owe the anecdote to the *Lives of the Ten Orators*, which is ascribed to Plutarch. It is not to be found in the authentic *Life of Demosthenes*, by Plutarch, but the narrative there is worth quoting:

‘Another time, when the assembly had refused to hear him, and he was going home with his head muffled up, taking it very heavily, they relate that Satyrus, the actor, followed him, and being his familiar acquaintance, entered into conversation with him. To whom, when Demosthenes bemoaned himself, that having been the most industrious of all the pleaders, and having almost spent the whole strength and vigour of his body in that employment, he could not yet find any accept-

ance with the people, that drunken sots, mariners, and illiterate fellows were heard, and had the hustings for their own, while he himself was despised. ‘You say true, Demosthenes,’ replied Satyrus, ‘but I will quickly remedy the cause of all this, if you will repeat to me some passage out of Euripides or Sophocles.’ Which, when Demosthenes had pronounced, Satyrus presently taking it up after him, gave the same passage, in his rendering of it, such a new form, by accompanying it with the proper mien and gesture, that to Demosthenes it seemed quite another thing. By this being convinced how much grace and ornament language acquires from action, he began to esteem it a small matter, and as good as nothing for a man to exercise himself in declining, if he neglected enunciation and delivery. Hereupon he built himself a place to study underground (which was still remaining in our time), and hither he would come constantly every day to form his action, and to exercise his voice; and here he would continue, oftentimes without intermission, two or three months together, shaving one-half of his head, that so for shame he might not go abroad, though he desired it ever so much.’

From this comes the story in the *Lives of the Ten Orators* that when some one asked him, What is the first thing in oratory? he said, ‘Action’; what the second? ‘Action’; what the third? ‘Action.’

What did he mean by Action?

(1) J. G. Holyoake thinks that by action Demosthenes meant *practice*. ‘Action,’ he says, ‘gives no

power, and Dr. Clair J. Grece must be right when contending that the answer of the great orator should be translated: "Practice, practice, practice," for there skill comes in. A man who wishes to speak well at a moment's notice should speak every night if he has an opportunity. Preachers and barristers speak better at will than other persons.'

(2) The meaning most usually assigned to the word is *gesture*. This is how Bacon understood it. In the introduction to his essay *Of Boldness*, he says: 'It is a trivial grammar-school text, but yet worthy a wise man's consideration: A question was asked of Demosthenes, "What was the chief part of an orator?" he answered, "Action: What next? Action: What next again? Action." He said it that knew it best, and had by nature himself no advantage in that he commended. A strange thing, that that part of an orator which is but superficial, and rather the virtue of a player, should be placed so high above those other noble parts, of invention, elocution, and the rest; nay, almost alone, as if it were all in all. But the reason is plain. There is in human nature generally more of the fool than of the wise; and therefore those faculties by which the foolish part of men's minds is taken are most potent.'

(3) But Bacon was thinking of the Latin translation *actio*, from which our English word comes. The word used by Demosthenes was *hypocrisis*, that is, 'acting,' not action. The point is that Satyrus, the actor, threw himself into the spirit of the passage. He identified himself for the moment with the person speaking. 'The speaker,' says Boyd Carpenter, 'is for the moment the living voice of the truth with which he is imbued. Just as the true actor is the man who lives his part, completely identifying himself with the character he assumes, so the forcible speaker is the man whose whole personality is enlisted in the subject. This is the true *hypocrisis* which is not the assumption of a part, but the identification of self with it. The man makes it his own, as we say. His own personality is one with his subject. The words are there, but the man is there too. We hear him; and his very heart-beats sound in his voice. Hypocrisy assumes the appearance of things which it does not feel; this is the bad sense: Demosthenes used the word in the good sense. He meant that power of really feeling, living, and acting in the thoughts and words

spoken, which I call the power of self-identification with one's work.'¹

(4) Now it is when the preacher thus identifies himself with his theme that the sermon has vitality and 'go' in it. 'It is the live coal,' says Julius Hare, 'that kindles others, not the dead. Nay, the same principle applies to all oratory; and what made Demosthenes the greatest of orators, was that he appeared the most entirely possessed by the feelings he wished to inspire. The main use of his *hypocrisis* was, that it enabled him to remove the natural hindrances which checked and clogged the stream of those feelings, and to pour them forth with a free and mighty torrent that swept his audience along. The effect produced by Charles Fox, who by the exaggerations of party-spirit was often compared to Demosthenes, seems to have arisen wholly from this earnestness, which made up for the want of almost every grace, both of manner and style.'²

Was it not something like this that the Kinneff schoolmaster meant when he claimed that the young preacher 'kept a good sough going'?

'A sermon is never too long if it be alive from start to finish, but if the hearers become listless, it is a sure sign that the sermon has lost its vitality. In such a situation the closure should be applied promptly.'³

SOME TOPICS.

Discouragement.

'One of the rules for officers of the King's Navy reads: "No officer shall speak discouragingly to his mate, either on the watch or at mess, concerning the business on which he is or may be engaged." There is no other way of conducting the campaign of life.'⁴

A Magic Word.

'The East had its story of a magic word which had supernatural power. Whisper it before a barred door, and the door opened of its own accord! It is no mere story; it is the embodiment of an everlasting fact.

A simple ring with a single stone,

To the vulgar eye no stone of price:

Whisper the right word, that alone—

Forth starts a sprite, like fire from ice.

¹ W. Boyd Carpenter, *Lectures on Preaching*, 11.

² *Guesses at Truth*, 400.

³ A. Benvie, *The Minister at Work*, 119.

⁴ J. A. Hutton, *On Accepting Ourselves*, 39.

And lo, you are lord (says an Eastern scroll)

Of heaven and earth, lord whole and sole,
Through the power in a pearl.

'We are all strangers to one another, and at the depths it may be can never be anything but strangers; and yet let us utter the true word, the mystic word, the understanding word, the word which belongs to the mother-tongue of the race, the word which fell from heaven and created man—utter the right word, and the sun comes out and this world is no longer a harsh battlefield, but a place of dear human habitations.'¹

ANNUALS FOR 1920.

Who's Who.

Who's Who for 1920 (A. & C. Black; 42s.) comes too late for extended notice this month. Yet it must be noticed, for its indispensability grows with its growth, and no one can do without it even for a month. First there is its readability. For sheer interest it is as good as any—novel, we were about to say, but novels are down to the lowest depth of dullness—modern volume of sermons. Next there is its psychology. Why worry over manuals and text-books? Here are the materials for psychological study in rich variety and undeniable veracity. Then there is the information it contains. But that is the book and our space.

Hazell.

The New Hazell Annual and Almanack for 1920 (Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net) is probably the cheapest book this year will see published. Its 900 pages of double column and small type are packed with knowledge; and it is just such knowledge as every educated and half-educated person needs to know. As for its new features the editor says, and says truly, that in addition to the varied information which makes Hazell the most comprehensive and reliable book of reference published, there appear in the 1920 edition many interesting new articles—an exhaustive summary of the Peace Treaties with Germany, Austria, and Bulgaria, the full text of the Covenant of the League of Nations, Labour's Charter under the League of Nations. Attention may also be directed to the articles Socialism at Home and

¹ J. A. Hutton, *On Accepting Ourselves*, 102.

Abroad, the new Imperial Customs Tariff, with its preferential rates, and the exhaustive article on War Pensions and Allowances. Maps of the new Germany and the new Austria will also be found in their appropriate places.

Church and University.

The Scottish Church and University Almanac (Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace; 2s. 6d. net) is one of the most accurate of our annuals. It gives the information when the information is supplied; when it is not supplied it does not invent it. Thus none of the stipends are given for the Church of Scotland this year. The column is a blank, page after page.

The People's Year Book.

The People's Year Book (Co-operative Press Agency; 2s. net) is the annual of the Co-operative Societies. But it contains much matter of general interest in addition to all that it has to say to the co-operators. There is an article on Farming by Professor James Long, and one on the Coming Revolution in English Local Government by Mr. Sidney Webb.

Alexander Smellie.

In his book *The Outside of the Inside*, Dr. Fisher speaks of the Edinburgh University Debating Societies of his day, and says: 'By far the most brilliant man—the most original in mind and the weightiest in speech—was Alexander Smellie. He became and remains the minister of a small Original Secession Church. He bound himself by a vow to this service, and has nobly stood by his promised word. Otherwise, any career was open to him; he would have risen to distinction in any walk of life. Happily no promise prevented Smellie from contributing to literature. His book on *The Men of the Covenant* provides one of the most fascinating pictures that ever have been given of a romantic period of Scottish history.'²

Courtesy.

Mrs. 'Robb' was the wife of a coachman at a house I knew well. At that time among women it was only fashionable ladies and cinder-pickers who smoked, and it would have been thought

² R. H. Fisher, *The Outside of the Inside*.

somewhat shameful for a respectable woman to indulge herself so. But Mrs. Robb was known to have a pipe. The young men of the house took delight in going to the stables to join her in the surreptitious pleasure. When Mrs. Robb's husband died, I went to condole with her, and this was the dear old woman's confession: 'Ye ken I'm fond of a draw. Tam didna like it. But when it cam' to nine o'clock he would say, "Janet, ye'll be wanting your smoke," and he would gang out.'¹

NEW POETRY.

Francis Ledwidge.

Lord Dunsany had long been looking for a poet to arise from among the Irish peasants, as Burns sprang from the people of Scotland, when one day a manuscript arrived by post. He will not call Francis Ledwidge the Burns of Ireland, because every true poet is true, first of all, to himself: and if Burns sang of the daisy, Ledwidge sings of the blackbird:

Above me smokes the little town,
With its whitewashed walls and roofs of brown,
And its octagon spire toned smoothly down

As the holy minds within.

And wondrous, impudently sweet,
Half of him passion, half conceit,
The blackbird calls adown the street,

Like the piper of Hamelin.

That is his poetry. He is the poet of natural things—'the world in which our bodies are.' Says Lord Dunsany: 'When they have read through the profounder poets, and seen the problem plays, and studied all the perplexities that puzzle man in the cities, the small circle of readers that I predict for him will turn to Ledwidge as to a mirror reflecting beautiful fields, as to a very still lake rather on a very cloudless evening.'

Ledwidge took part in the great War and fell in it. Lord Dunsany now edits and issues *The Complete Poems of Francis Ledwidge* (Herbert Jenkins; 7s. 6d. net). In the Introduction he guides us to an understanding of the poet, and selects some of the poems for special attention. 'Quite perfect,' he says, 'if my judgment is of any value, is the little poem on page 175, "In the Mediterranean—Going to the War."' This is the poem:

Lovely wings of gold and green
Flit about the sounds I hear,
On my window when I lean
To the shadows cool and clear.

Roaming, I am listening still,
Bending, listening overlong,
In my soul a steadier will,
In my heart a newer song.

Is not this poem on 'Home' quite as near perfection? It was written in Belgium, July 1917:

A burst of sudden wings at dawn,
Faint voices in a dreamy noon,
Evenings of mist and murmurings,
And nights with rainbows of the moon.

And through these things a wood-way dim,
And waters dim, and slow sheep seen
On uphill paths that wind away
Through summer sounds and harvest green.

This is a song a robin sang
This morning on a broken tree,
It was about the little fields
That call across the world to me.

Helen Granville Barker.

Is heredity or environment the chief factor in making us what we are? Helen Granville Barker is much impressed, and puzzled, by the influence of heredity. Her new book is *Songs in Cities and Gardens* (Chatto & Windus; 5s. net). It is quotable (in the pulpit, on the platform, in the home—anywhere, everywhere) from first poem to last. The very last is a prayer which expresses the ideal of a life. But we shall quote:

THE TWO OLD GRANDFATHERS.

My two old grandfathers sat before New England
houses
And looked over the fields of grain and wheat,
The apple-orchards, the pastures, the woods and
copses,
The swamp land where cattle-prints showed in a
black ooze,
The stony hillside where sheep nibbled,
And my two old grandfathers thought their
silent thoughts.

¹ R. H. Fisher, *The Outside of the Inside*.

One, gentle, humble, patient, meditated
 On the love of God for men, his children;
 On the peace of a certain eternity,
 The death of self, the brotherhood of man;
 On pain as a teacher, and the beauty of holiness
 And meek submission to unquestioned creeds.

The other, keen, scoffing, courageous,
 Dared to defy the minds of those around him,
 Protested, not by words, but independent deeds
 Against the blind intolerance of fools,
 Read his Voltaire to sound of Sunday church-
 bells,
 Smiled to himself, sitting alone, unasked for,
 At the disfavour of men—its weight and value.

Here am I—my hands full of the spoils of
 cities—

My brain puzzled by creeds and theories,
 Groping, bewildered, for truth and justice.
 I try to free myself; to rise above conditions,
 To think my own thoughts, careless and un-
 trammelled—

But the thoughts of those two old grandfathers
 (Sitting alone before New England houses),
 Sway, alternately, my inner vision.
 I am held and hampered by conflicting forces.

Beatrice Mayor.

There are poets and critics of poetry who refuse
 the name to that particular form of verse which
 Beatrice Mayor writes. This is the form:

THE GRASS.

I like the grass.
 It listens.
 It is kind.
 Above all it is calm.
 I can say to it all wildnesses;
 It will not stir, look up surprised, as friends do.
 It listens,
 Listens,
 Then silently,
 Gathers my frenzy to its great green peace,
 And I arise.

They say it is too easy to be poetry. Well, try it.
Have you tried it? And then it affects us. It
 actually makes the emotional impression upon us
 which true poetry makes. It gives us pleasure.
 Here is another example:

WHEN I LOOK OUT.

When I look out
 It is not fields I see,
 Nor is it hill,
 Nor garden,
 Nor gracious sky of cloud and peeping blue,

When I look out
 I see a wall,
 I watch
 Sunshine playing with poor weeds upon that wall.
 And I am filled
 Swiftly,
 Miraculously,
 With the great careless beauty that is earth's.

The title is *Poems* (Allen & Unwin; 2s. 6d. net).

Maitland Hardyman.

The photograph in khaki of Lieut.-Col. Maitland
 Hardyman, D.S.O., M.C., given as frontispiece to
A Challenge (Allen & Unwin), is that of a mere
 lad. And he was scarcely four-and-twenty when
 he was killed at Biefvillers on August 24, 1918.
 There is a Foreword by Norman Hugh Romanes,
 who says: 'I have never seen or heard of a man
 to whom not merely a lie, even a harmless one,
 but any kind of misrepresentation, was so abhor-
 rent.' And again, 'The brilliant record of his
 life at the front, first as adjutant, last as com-
 manding officer of a battalion in which all ranks
 paid him nothing less than homage, is sufficient
 of itself to prove his contention of the indomitable
 power of an entirely spiritual personality in the
 most rigorously practical conditions of life.'

This is a gathering of his poems. He was
 better than his poetry, but read:

AUSTRALIA'S PRAYER.

(Gallipoli evacuated, December 20th, 1915.)

Jehovah, Lord of all Gethsemanes,
 Of thorn-crowned Truth and broken Purposes,
 Our stricken motherhood, our tortured brain,
 Shri! with the piercing cry, 'Is it in vain?'

No dream of conquest, no mad lust for power,
 Found us at England's side in danger's hour,
 The Bays of Suvla and of Anzac prove
 The strong example of that Greater Love.

Gladly we gave the noblest of our youth
 To fight for England and, we thought, for Truth;
 Now we are weaker, numbed with constant pain—
 Is it in vain, Lord God, is it in vain?

Out of the rending silence God replied:
 'You are the triumph I My Son denied,
 Have faith, poor soul. Is not all history
 Triumphant failure, empty victory?'

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